

Witts New Dyall:

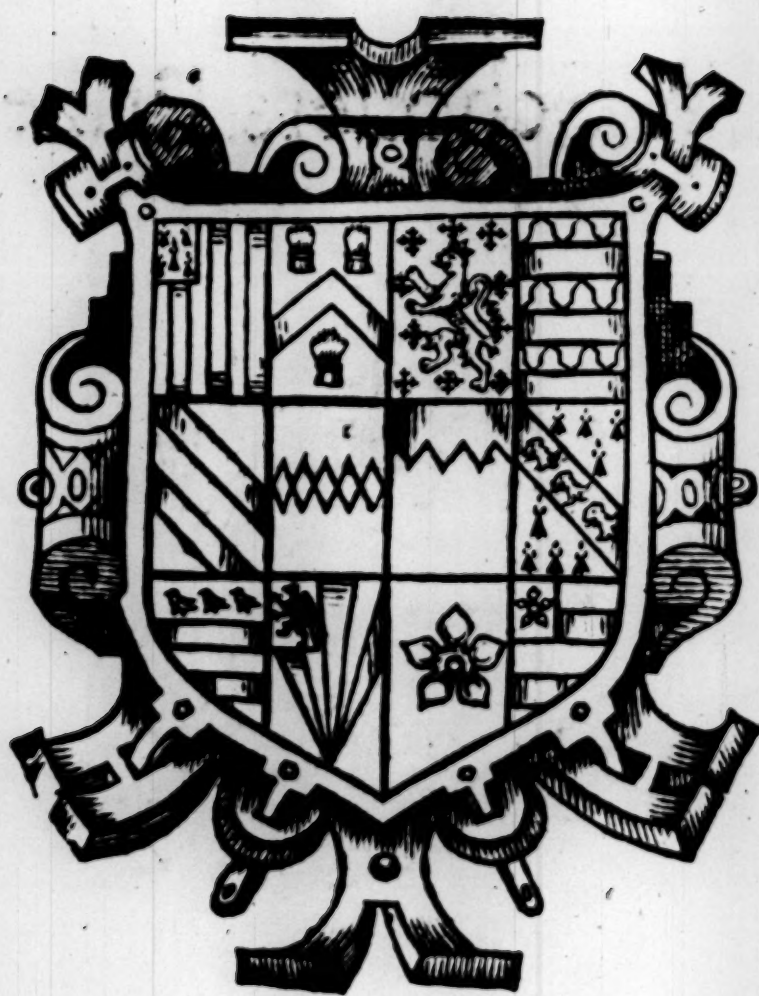
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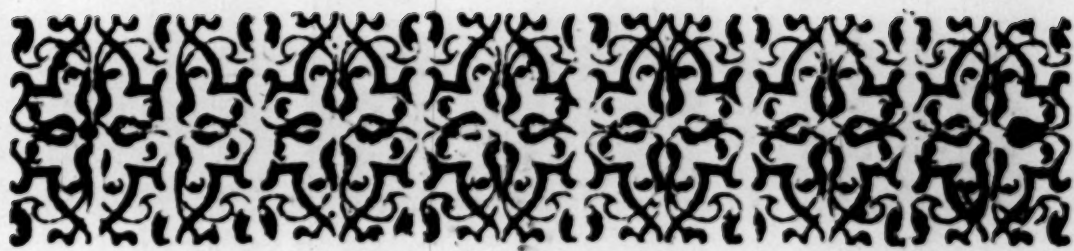
A Schollers Prize.



Imprinted at London by W. W.
for John Browne.

1604.





TO THE RIGHT WOR-
SHIPFULL MY VERY GOOD

Brother in Law *Tho. Pelham*, of *Laughton* in
the Countie of *Sussex* Esquire, Iustice of
the Peace, and one of his Maiesties De-
putie-Leiutenants there : And
to my deare Sister in Law
Marie Pelham
his wife.



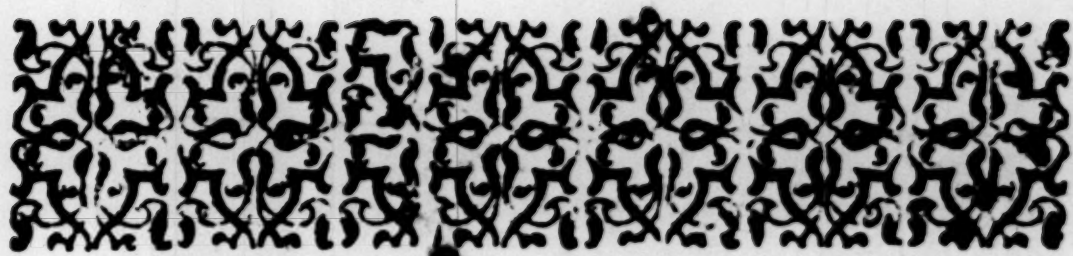
YOu haue bound me so infi-
nitely vnto you (deare Brother and
Sister) that I cannot (for shame)
but make some meanes to pay part
of the debt : That which I owe to
your exceeding kindnesse towards
mee is very great : yet behold (pre-
suming you will beare with my
good will, at least with my abilitie) I lay downe no more
but this, which is very little : Such portion of Witte as it
is, I freely bestow vpon you. This infant of my Braine was
begot and deliuered vnder your owne roofe; it is therefore
fittest there to be nurst up : and for that purpose I sende it
to you both. My louing Sister hath been the mother of
seuen Children, and therefore knowes the better how to
handle

THE EPISTLE.

handle this: I pray be neither of you cruell to it, for your good worde, or good looke, makes it prosper; a frowne kils it. I giue you many thanks for my entertainement at your house at Hawlcland, where (at your cost) I spent almost a yeere, and at mine idle howers, drew this Picture of Poesie. If the cullours be ill layde on, beare with them, for that I am but newly bound to the trade: yet not bound neither; for if you like not my workmanship, I will for ever giue it ouer. Thus hoping you will receiue this poore Gift with as free a hand as I send it, I commende you to God. Hawlcland this. 18. of October. 1604.

Your most affectionate
Brother in Law,

Anthony Sherly.



Witts new Dyall:

OR,
A Schollers Prize.

OF GOD.



GOD the *Idea* of all good proceedinges,
Is that æternall-Dread Omnipotence,
Who breath'd Heauen, Earth and Sea,
and all their moouers:
Who being made of None,
gaue all thinges sence.

2

Out of his Wisedomes depth, he hath not graunted
To Man, the præscience of thinges to come:
For then his prosperous state would beget Pride,
And his Aduersitie become his Doome.

3

As it is meereley an impossible taske,
With one and the same eye (iust at one time)
To behold Heauen and Earth; so difficult,
To embrace *GOD*, and the worlds golden slime.

4

As *GOD* is all of Pietie and Pittie,
Of soft Compassion, and astonishing Grace:
So wee are all of Sinne, and wilfull Blood,
That are of *Adams* Fruit-forbidden Race.

A 3.

If

Witts new Dyall: or,

⁵
If sweld Ambition lo puffe vp thy Spirit,
That like those Giants thou wouldst clime to Heauen;
GOD will flye from thee, and pitch downe thy Pride:
But (beeing humble) with thy Brest hee's cuen.

OF CHRIST.

¹
CH^RI^ST, that æternall Bishop of our Soules,
Who by Propheticke Spirits was promised:
By his deare Crimson-sweat vpon the Crosse,
Our euerlasting Blisse hath purchased.

²
Chr:st's most triumphant Resurrection,
Is (to the Dead) life; to the Saints, high Glory;
To Sinners, Mercie: to all, Happiness;
Sauing to Death and Hell: they're onely Sory.

³
If the Sick-man, dreame that the visible Sunne
Is hidden or obscurede, it figures Death:
So if by corrupt doctrine that Sunne **C**H^RI^ST,
Bee darkned, then it stifles the Soules breath.

⁴
As *Christ* ascended gloriously to Heauen,
Vp to his Fathers euerlasting Seate:
So shall th'Elect ascend to *Christ* in State,
And amongst the Court of Saints be chosen great.

⁵
Christ is the life of Doctrine, who hath power
To make Stones breathe, and belecue more then Iewes;
Whose Fayths were far more flintie then a Tower
Heauen out of Rocks, which moyse in time may bruisse.

His

A Schollers Prize.

6

His all amazing Miracles on earth,
Clenſing ſoule Lepers; diſpoſſeſſing Demils:
Giuing them Eyes that neuer ſaw their birth:
Chriſt that can heale all Sinnes, did cure all Euils.

7

His bitter Death, mingled with Teares and Gall,
The violent Paſſion of each ſuffering Veyne,
Sweating out Blood and Water; which did fall
To waſh our Soules (and like a Pretious Rayne)

8

Makes our beſt partes ſpring vp as high as Heauen,
Vpon Fayths milke-white Tree euer to flouriſh,
Like Fruites of Bleſſednes, whoſe Roote was giuen
From the blood-guiltie Crolle, which deere drops nourish.

9

Laſt his moſt wondrous-bleſt Aſcenſion,
The Immortall Figure of our glorious Ryzing,
Strugling with Graues (like an eclipsed Sunne
In warre with Darknes) to our new Baptizing.

10

When hearie Sepulchers, and old ſlooping Tombes,
Shall ſtart at the laſt ſound, and ſhake in ſunder;
The Dead ariſe out of their Marble wombes,
Burſt with the horreur of all-Frighting-thunder.

OF THE HOLY GHOST.

1

THou *Holy*-Bright and Comfortable *Ghost*,
Not daunting our weake Fleſh, but with Saluation
Gladling our ranſomde Soules, which once were loſt
Mongſt Flouds of ſinne; Redeemd with trickling Paſſion.
Bee

Witts new Dyall: or,

2

Bee nearer to my Heart, then the life stringes,
Whereby it neatly hanges by Art aboue,
Sweepe ore my Braynes with thy white prosperous Wings
And on my Pen sit like a virgin Done,

3

Thou Godfather of Soules, that giu'st vs Names,
At the pure Font in Heauen, when we aspire,
To be all rebaptized in Glad-flames:
Thou our æternall Portion and Desire.

4

The *Holy Ghost* is our Cælestiall Guide,
To Gods Elect continuall comfort bringing:
That through their Soules abundant ioyes may flow,
Still with the quire of blisfull Angels singing.

5

His white and comfortable Spirit of Trueth
Doth euer graunt to such his helpe and Grace,
That haue soft penitent Brestes to rue their finnes,
And well repent in vertuous time and space.

5

From his full-flowing pittie alwayes springes
The Fountaine of true heavenly Ioyes aboue:
Hee is the whole worldes blessed Comforter,
The onely God of Peace, of Trueth, and Loue.

7

Come *Holy Ghost* into our labouring Hearts,
And purge our Soules from foule infectious sin,
That thy good Spirit in place therefore may dwell;
And dayly let Cælestiall Graces in,

Of Angels

OF ANGELS.

¹
*A*ngels rightly to define,
They spring from Heavens sacred line:
They are the Messengers Divine,
Our Soules with Blisse they all combine.

²
Of *Angels* are nine Orders,
Nine ministers of Grace:
Eternities rich Borders,
Which shine in euey place.

³
Angels, Archangels, Vertues powers,
Principalities and Cherubins:
With which these three are euer matcht
Dominations, Thrones, and Seraphins.

⁴
Angels are Tutors to the Sainctes,
Heavens Herauldes, Gardians of each soule:
They receiue vp our true Complaintes,
And all our Vertues they enroule.

⁵
They haue the charge men to conduct,
Grace to preserue beleeuing Sprits,
And Wisedome all hartes to instruct,
Building vp soules through righteous Merits.

⁶
Heauen is the *Angels* habitation,
Their eyes are fixt vpon Gods Maiestie,
They were the first that had the blest Creation,
Their voyces tune caelestiall Harmonie.

B.

Of Heauen

Wittes new Dyall: or,

OF HEAVEN.

¹
H*Heaven* is that Holy land,
To which the blessed Pilgrimes trauell:
Where milke-white Citties stand,
And Rubies strewde as thicke as Grauell.

²
Seelings of Diamondes, Walles of Amber:
Portals of Curall, Saphire Floores:
Such glories shine in *Heavens* star-chamber,
Gates of Gold, and pearly Bowers.

³
Heaven is Maiesties true seate,
It is the Angelles dwelling,
It is the faithfuls place of rest:
Tis glorious beyond telling.

⁴
Heaven is the Iudges purple throne,
The fulnetle of delight,
The Soules eternall mansion,
Where ioyes are still in fight.

⁵
As Hell is blacke and horrid,
Stuft with the fumes and stinke of Devils,
So *Heaven* has a bright fore-head,
Where all things shine, saue onely Euils,

⁶
Nor eare, nor eye, nor any mortall voyce,
Hath heard, hath scene, or can expresse *Heavens* ioyes.
And to conclude, there is such depth in heighth,
The more I write, the more I haue to write.

Of Wisdome.

OF WISEDOME.

¹
THis is a Vertue generall,
All Vertues bow at *Wisedomes* call:
It learnes to rise by others fall,
For he that's truly *Wise*: is all.

²
He that conquers appetite,
Is sure to win, how ere he fight:
For tis the greatest victory that ere shon.
With *Wisedome* to beate downe affection.

³
Who without *Wisedome* enioyes Gold,
Will proue a begger ere he be halfricke:
For tis a curse impos'd on Gullies,
To waste their coyne on Cheates and Gullies.

⁴
Wisedome is that glorious Oliue,
That springeth from a Souldiers hart,
Bloomes on his tongue, checking his wrath,
And beareth fruit in euery part.

⁵
Wisedome was by Nature got,
And by Experience nourished,
Brought forth by Learning (being her lot)
And by the milke of Reading fed.

⁶
To be secret to thy selfe,
Is chiefe ground in *Wisedomes* Schoole,
For that great States-man headlong falles,
That trustes a Wise man, or his scoule.

Wittes new Dyall: or,

OF TRVETH.

1

T*rueth* is the true Renealer,
The æternall Crowne of Blisse:
No false and bribd Concealer
Of ~~A~~cti~~o~~ns done amisse.

2

Time and *Trueth* embraces,
They neuer hide their faces:
Trueth and *Time* do bring to light
Murthers done at dead of night.

3

Trueth is a Flower that neuer dyeth,
A resolute Souldier that ne're flyeth:
A perfect Iudge that truly tryeth,
And Rich mens golden Fists ~~de~~tryeth.

4

Truth scales the Battlements of Heauen,
Illumineth the shadowed Earth:
Discouers secrets, killes Disdaine,
And gouerns euery mortall birth,

5

Trueth feareth nothing more then Corners,
Shee knowes her Soule cannot be blamde:
No Treasons dwell about her brest,
Tho naked, shee is ne're asham'de.

6

Trueth is an honest cause,
And spurnes corrupted lawes:
Shee makes no toyle some wearie iournies
Vp and downe to see Atturnies.

Of Prayer

OF PRAYER.

¹
PRAYER (as Diuines define it)
Is talke with GOD; and Intercession
To his all pittying excellence,
For each intemperate foule transgression,

²
Prayer is the Incense of a sorrowing Soule,
It is the Oblation of a penitent Blood:
The Holy Ghost which is our dayly bread,
Wee begge in *Prayer*, our true foode,

³
Prayer is the swiftest and the siluer wing,
On which our Soules doe flie,
Euen to the Court of heauens eternall King:
Prayer bringes vs to Gods maiestie.

⁴
Prayer doth kindle feruent zeale,
Foule Sinnes, Plague-sores, *Prayer* doth heale:
Gainst infernall Spirits it warreth,
And Hells insurrection barreth.

⁵
Prayer engendreth Confidence,
And Confidence engendreth Peace:
It makes a tranquill Conscience,
For *Prayer* bids all Troubles cease.

⁶
When *Prayer* ascendes,
Then Heanen downe-bendes:
What makes amendes,
But Godly endes?

Wittes new Dyall: or,

OF THE SOVLE.

¹
THe Soule is an inuisible power,
Yet more solid then a Tower:
Essence immortall, neere resembling
Her Creator; onely trembling.

²
The Greatest thing of all,
In little Roome containd,
Is the Soule within a Man,
By Heauen and Vertue gayned.

³
An vndefiled Soule, is Heauen;
Her Vnderstanding, is the Sunne:
Her Fayth the Moone, her Vertues Starres:
And in this course her Glories runne.

⁴
Each Soule, is or the Spouse of Christ,
Or the Adultresse of the Deuill:
Through sanctitie shee towers aloft:
But sinkes to Hell through deadly euill.

⁵
All Soules that are, spring from immortall line,
But iust mens are immortall and diuine:
Th'others die and damme: but after death,
Theirs change for better and farre purer breath.

⁶
By what name canst thou call a Soule
(I than God) in a mans body dwelling?
It is a holy wondrous Charme,
All vicious thoughtes and actions quelling.

O/ Con-

OF CONSCIENCE.

¹
Conscience is to the Wicked an Accuser,
A Iudge, a Hangman, and a Rope:
But to the Godly, a caelestiall chuser,
An Ayde, a comfort, and a Hope.

²
Hell is hung with guiltie Consciences,
It is the onely paynt of blacke offences:
And this firme line in Brasen leaues enroule,
The Conscience is the Hell, that dammes the Soule.

³
The Conscience of many are scard vp
With a hot Iron, voyde from feeling sin:
Yet at the houre of death, their rent and started,
When thousand horrors the soule circles in.

⁴
Onely those men haue woundes incurable,
Whose Consciences are wounded,
And are not toucht with a Repentant spirit.
But their sinnes deeply grounded.

⁵
A wicked Conscience dogges her Maisters heeles,
And all Hells torments sensibly it feeles:
And all the ougly-damned furies
Is a sodden Conscience-Iuries.

⁶
Woe to those that boyle their Soules
In Goulden Cauldrons: that weare Palmes,
Yellow with Bribes, win Deuils Goales,
And sooner will giue stripes, then Almes.

OF LOVE.

¹
LOVE is a hony-Poyson,
That spreadeth through each Veyne:
It disinherites Reason,
And woundes the purer Brayne.

²
Love is an Hearbe that (in the intrals sowne)
Doth all the members mortifie:
A Plague that beeing through Melancholy growne,
Doth kill the Hart. and dim the Eye.

³
Love is Desires vnreasonable excesse,
Which in a minute springes:
But not so soone departes, vnlesse
With losse of greater thinges.

⁴
The Counterfeit of **L**ove was drawne
Vpon the left side. with a Fether,
Tickling Youth: and on the right
A Scorpion prickt his Veynes together.

⁵
All Contraries are bred in **L**ove,
It is a bitter sweete; cold heate:
A pleasant paine, these, **L**overs prooue,
Who starue most, seeming most to eate.

⁶
Love is bred by Desire,
Tis nurst vp with Fire:
Tis weand by Vnkindnes,
And sees best in blindnes.

A Schollers Prize.

OF HOPE.

¹
HOPE is Salvations Neece,
His Heauens best Maister-peece:
The æternall Ground of heauenly Grace,
And sure Remooue to a brighter Place.

²
The God of Fooles is *Hope*,
The Merchants conseruation:
The Souldiers pay, the Vsurers Rope:
The Ambitious mans Damnation.

³
Hope of life is Vanitie,
Hope in death is treasure:
Hope in Christ is Victorie:
Such *Hope* endes all miserie.

⁴
Hope is a passion,
But of all the sweetest:
Not made for fashion,
But for good Soules meetest.

⁵
Against all *Hope* to *Hope*,
That's excellence in deed:
A mightie Resolution,
To smile, although hee bleed.

⁶
As in a litle place is layde
Great Treasures preservation:
So in the storehouse of small *Hope*,
A boundlesse expectation.

C.

Of Cha-

Vittes new Dyall: or,

OF CHARITIE.

1

Charitie is th'indissoluble band
Twixt God and vs, whereby we are inflamed
With the deare loue of him and his command:
And (for that) *Christians* we are rightly named.

2

Charitie is in a duerle state
Patient; in prosperous temperate:
In Passions strong, in good workes euer quicke,
Whose Almes are full: whose Bountie's neuer sicke.

3

In midst of Iniuries secure,
For much Wrong *Charitie* can endure:
At others sorrowes sorrowing,
Lending more, then borrowing.

4

Who dwels in *Charitie*, doth dwell in Heauen,
And giuing much, to him is much more giuen:
But the most filthy effectes of Briberie,
Poyson the fritefull workes of *Charitie*.

5

The *Charitable* pittying spirit,
Shall both in earth and heauen inherit:
Hee is the Beggars prayer, the Souldiers Blood,
The Prisoners life, and the Worldes generall good.

6

As a body without soule
Enioyes no life, or beeing:
So Vertues without *Charitie*,
Haue not their true agreeing.

Of Know-

A Schollers Prize.

OF KNOWLEDGE.

¹
Knowledge is that Intellect
We haue of our Creator,
And of his workes that deare respect,
Aboue our baser Nature.

²
It is the Storehouse of true Wit,
The entraunce of Saluation:
Wee differ from all Beastes by it,
It is our Confirmation,

³
These couetous Desires from *Knowledge* flow,
The more we know, the more we wish to know:
But this the chiefeſt *Knowledge* call,
To *Know* thy ſelfe, then knowſt thou all.

⁴
Iron in Warre
Is prefer'd farre
Before bright Gold: ſo in mans health,
Knowledge exceeds the boundes of Wealth.

⁵
As men in nothing differ more from Gods
Then when they are leaden-conſeyted Fooles:
ce'n ſo in nothing they draw neerer them,
Then when they are built vp in learned Schooles.

⁶
As out of Flowers Bees ſucke Hony,
As out of Clyants Lawyers Money:
So out of Science *Knowledge* ſhould be ſuckt,
And out of Reading, Vertue ſhould be pluckt.

Vittes new Dyall: or,

OF GOODNESSE.

¹
Goodnesse is that which in it selfe concludes,
A Dignitie, that saoureth all of Heauen:
Of Gods true Vertue, and miraculous worke,
To whom a power substantially is giuen.

²
Riches may rotte, Coyne moulder;
Prosperitie alter course,
Goodnesse will neuer looke oulder:
For how can *Good* be worse?

³
Goodnesse is threefold, to three thinges
It hath Relation: first the *Goodes* of Minde,
The *Goodes* of Body, and the *Goodes* of Fortune:
The first goes straight, the two last limpe behinde.

⁴
But this I wish the world to cote
As an especiall pleasing Note,
The *Goodnesse* from an Ignorant man flowing,
Is like faire Hearbes vpon a Dunghill growing.

⁵
A *Good*-mans wish is Substaunce, Fayth, and Fame,
Glory and Grace, concurring with the same:
The Great-men are not alwayes found the best,
But he that's *Good*, is alwayes worthiest.

⁶
Hee that doth *Good*, is better then the *Good*
which he doth doo: and he that worketh euill,
Is ten times worse then his base poysonous blood;
But tis Decreed, some Slaues shall match the Deuill.

Of Humi-

OF HVMILITIE.

1
THe *Humble*-Vertue b'oue all others,
Is the nearest kin to blisse:
The blessed Saincts are her owne Brothers,
Making men and Angels kisse.

2
Hee that without a *Lowly* Spirit
Other Vertues seekes to finde,
His labour can not win him merit,
He beares but Dust against the Winde.

3
Wouldst thou know what man is happier?
Hence true happines doth flow,
That man whose Birth is nobly great,
And whose Spirit's *Mecke* and *Low*.

4
Tis a Vertue of small price,
In aduerse Fortune to be *Lowly*:
But who in prosperous state is *Humble*,
Hee possesseth *Meekenes* wholly.

5
It makes Men looke like Gods,
And represent their Maker:
The pretious soule of happines,
To soft Brestes doth betake her.

6
Humilitie of minde,
Stirres vp Affections heate:
For hee that's truly *Kinde*,
Must needes be truly great.

Wittes new Dyall: or,

OF PATIENCE.

¹
P*atience* and Humilitie
Are Twins together borne:
The first susteynes all iniurie,
The last no state doth scorne.

²
The Conquerour wins Castles, Townes
And Citties, with her power:
But *Patience*, which nere quakes at Frownes,
Ore'coms the Conquerer.

³
Patience is the Beggars wealth,
Patience is the Sickmans health:
The Prisoners walke,
The Dum mans talke.

⁴
Patience makes the Bondslave thinke
His Iron Trusse all beaten Gold:
And that one day he shall rise,
Tho he be for euer sold.

⁵
The sweetest salve for Miserie,
Is a gentle Brest:
The onely wealth to pouertie,
Is Content and rest.

⁶
The Stocke of *Patient* mindes
Cannot be poore:
What it desires, it findes,
What Emperour more?

Of Com-

A Schollers Prize.

OF COMFORT.

¹
Comfort is the Calme of Troubles,
Making Wooes to seeme but Bubbles
The soule of quiet,
The Hartes chiefe diet.

²
Comfore in this makes our Hopes strong,
That violent Griefes do nere last long:
Tempests rore but for a season,
Time and Truch discover Treason.

³
Comfort is next friend to Pleasure,
T'is our onely inward treasure:
The stoutest Enemy gainst Care,
And Resolutions valiant heyre.

⁴
In midst of all thy Cares,
That hunt away dispayres:
Hard Marble with soft drops is wounded,
So thy Griefes in time are bounded.

⁵
Wooes may be mollified, straight states may slacke,
And heauie Burdens but ee'n touch the backe:
And let this thy comfort bee,
That greater men haue griefes like thee.

⁶
Let not the losse of Children mooue thee,
Be not æffeminate in thine eye:
For tho thou loust them, and they loue thee,
Thou didst beget them but to dye,

Of Ob-

Wittes new Dyall: or,

OF OBEDIENCE.

¹
VNto *Obidience* Vertue tendeth,
Shee all fitt Actions comprehendeth:
Payes to euery one their due;
Obedience is Religions Glew.

²
That aboue all other Climates,
Is a happie Commonweale:
Where Subiectes do obey their Primates,
And Magistrates with Mercie deale.

³
Obedience is Deuotions Badge,
Tis Contemplations Scale:
The onely true Phisitian
Rebellions sores to heale.

⁴
Hee that knowes how to gouerne well,
Knowes how to be obayde:
But hee that giues licentious meanes,
His state is loone decayde.

⁵
This is a note infallible,
A certaine pretious Obseruation:
Who Disobeyes his Sire, his Children
Will vie his Age in such a fashion.

⁶
Those Maisters alwayes prooue the best,
That haue Obeyde well each behest
When they were seruants, onely this is common,
None better serues, and rules worse then a woman.

Of Choyce

OF CHOYCE.

¹
Choyce is the noblest part of minde,
If it be ioynd with Reason:
For then it best knowes how to finde,
And chooseth all in season.

²
To choose a Wife, see this your Booke;
An honest eye, a vertuous looke:
A modest brow, a silent tounge,
A rare Wife this, if she be young.

³
If thy Eye choose, the pleasure's short:
If thy Will, the end is woe:
If Reason choose, that beares a port,
Be rulde by mee, and choose one so.

⁴
Beautie dyeth,
Riches flyeth:
Friendes their friendships may disseuer;
Choose a Wise soule, sheele fayle thee neuer.

⁵
Choose thy Friend not by his Oaths,
But by his simple Brest:
For he that boastes, his sayth prooues false,
The Calmest men are best.

⁶
Hee that an Apple chooseth by the Skinne,
And Women by no other,
May haue a rotten bit in one,
And a French Core in tother.

D.

Of Re-

Witts new Dyall: or,

OF RELIGION.

¹
R*eligion* is the scale of Heauen,
And the white Robe of blisse:
The Handmayde of Saluation,
Aeternities blest kisse.

²
Tis Law within vs,
Doth greatly win vs:
And with faire meanes doth neuer rest,
Vntill she make vs amply blest.

³
Religion is Heauens touchstone,
It banisheth all terrors,
And with a righteous tryall,
Discerneth Truth from Errors.

⁴
It is the Martirs Chronicle,
Of all thinges that are acted well:
Sooner the World shall melt (which Mischiefe craues)
Then Righteous deedes be muffed vp in Graues.

⁵
Religion still diuining,
Aboue all Vertues shyning,
Is that *Via Lactea*,
That leades to the bright Lampe of Day.

⁶
Religion is that Doue,
Made all of simple loue,
Which on our soules sits mouing,
All blessed deedes approuing.

Of Cons.

OF CONSTANCY.

I

Firme *Constancy* is the mindes strength,
Immouable and fayre,
Not puffed vp with prosperous Gale,
Nor moude with aduerse Ayre.

2

This vertue in a Woman were most rare,
Whole thoughtes being gouern'd by the Moone,
Seemes in the morning coy and chaste;
But prostituted thrice ere noone.

3

O twere her sexes lewell,
Her pride, her heauen, her soule,
For then so many lustfull Bulkes,
Should not their brestes controule.

4

If Wiues would put on *Constancy*,
Bawdes would sterue, and Pandars dye:
Sonnets and Heires would keepe their Aker s,
And Brewers sonnets not out-drinke Bakers.

5

A constant spirit,
Doth long inherite,
His blisse is euer,
His hope dyes neuer.

6

Were Virgins *Constant*, and their owne,
They were like holy lands vnknowne,
Saue to their Husbands: but such *Constant* Women
Tis hard to finde: others more thicke then Yeomen.

Witts new Dyall: or,

OF CHASTITIE.

¹
Chastitie is the Soules beautie,
The Puritie of life:
In thele two she frames her Duetie,
A Virgin or chaste-Wife.

²
Her Desires are all vnflashed,
In loue, shee loues most purely:
Shee not dissembles her affects,
Like Puritans demurely.

³
Her body's not vncleane,
She makes not Gulls looke leane,
Like an vnoffic'd Deane,
That ha's nor Brayne, nor meane.

⁴
Chastitie and Humilitie
Must needes be each the others foe:
For if they were not contrarie,
Then Chastitie must needes lie low.

⁵
It is the stampe of liuely Grace
Vpon the Minde, not on the face:
Deuotions Crowne,
A Maydes renowne.

⁶
The first degree to Chastitie,
Is spotlesse pure Virginitie:
The second faythfull Matrimonie,
But chieftest true affinitie.

Of Wit.

OF WITTE.

¹
WIT is the first part of the Soule,
Wherein the Mind's contain'd:
Most needfull for Direction
Of vertuous deedes vnstayned,

²
There are three thinges
From whence *Witt* springes:
The first is Answering, next Inuention,
The last is best, quicke Apprehension.

³
Nothing more smooth then Glasse,
Nothing more brickle:
Nothing more fine then *Witt*,
Nothing more fickle.

⁴
Wine is *Wittes* chiete whetting-stone,
But ift be often set thereon,
T will quickly grinde away the Steele,
And make your head as wise as your heele.

⁵
As gainst the streame the Sea-crab swims
With her stragling shelly limbs:
So hastie *Witt* and desperate Will,
Striue against Wisedoms current still.

⁶
Witt in a Woman is like Oyle
Put in a burning flame,
It either kindles vehemently,
Or puts the blaze to shame.

Witts new Dyall: or,

OF LEARNING.

¹
Learning is the knowledge,
Of Science and of Artes,
And the Cœlestiall Colledge,
For the Diuiner partes,

²
Shee's Vertues sacred Mother,
Neece vnto good perfection,
High Iudgement is her brother,
Which makes the best Election.

³
Learning is olde Ages comfort,
The Temperance of Youth,
Standing for wealth in pouerty,
The ornament of Truth.

⁴
Bee amongst yong folkes chaste and sober,
That they may learne of thee, O precious Iem;
And amongst olde folkes diligent,
That thou mayest learne more Art from them.

⁵
Learning is the sap of life,
Learning is Religions lewell,
It has the power to end all strife,
And worke milde blood in bosoms cruell.

⁶
Learning the Souldiers Armour is,
The Schollers happinesse and blisse,
None hates it but those common harmers,
Catchpoles, Vsurers, Fooles and Farmers,

Of Verine.

OF VERTVE.

¹
Vertue is lifes best proportion,
In all poyntes greeable to reason,
Tis the æternitie in man,
The Salt that keepes the soule in season.

²
Vertue goes not by the birth,
Nor by the yeares discretion,
For there are olde white-bearded Fooles,
And wile of yong profession.

³
There are two sortes of *Vertuous* partes,
As writers do define,
The one is of the worldlings knowne,
The other is diuine.

⁴
True *Vertue* is immortall,
Possessing endlesse wealth,
The onely perfect Counsellor,
And Minister of health.

⁵
Vertue and Knowledge are the steps,
Whereby we clime to heauen,
Which takes away all humaine lets,
And makes our pathes seeme euen.

⁶
Vertue is the Queene of labours,
Opinion Mistrisse of all fooles,
Vanity the pride of nature,
Contention overthrow of Schooles.

Of Kinges.

Witts new Dyall: or,

OF KINGS.

¹
KINGS are the supream **Gouernours**
And Rulers ouer States;
Placed by the Almightyes hand,
And luckines of Fates.

²
Kinges do seldome liue exempt
Of Flatterers to seduce them:
Ambition to depraue their bloodes,
And Appetites to abuse them.

³
A good *King* ruleth as he ought,
A Tyrant as he will:
The first his peoples wealth hath sought,
The other all doth spill.

⁴
The vniuersall fruitfull Schoole,
Where happines doth spring.
Is the Perlon, House, and Court,
Of a most peacefull *King*.

⁵
Firme Subiectes are vnto their *King*,
As winde is to a flame:
For the more strength the winde doth fling,
The greater is the same.

⁶
The greater that a Prince is placst
In dignitie b'oue other,
The more he ought t'excell in Grace,
His life should haue no Brother.

Of Glad-

OF GLADNES.

¹
G*Ladnes* is called that Delight,
Which tickles our sweete Appetite :
But not abyding,
Quickly flyding.

²
No sooner doth it come, but passes,
Leauing the Sences, traunc'de like Asses :
For learne this in Wisedomes schoole,
Laughter is but *Gladnes* foole.

³
Our pleasures are inducers to our woe,
Oft hath a tragicke entraunce, happy end :
Gladnes with Griefe continually doth flow,
Great Mirths vpon great Miseries attend.

⁴
Immoderate Desires, Delights, and Truls,
Haue made, do make, and will make many Guls:
And (amongst modest vertues) pleasure
Is like a Theefe amidst great treasure.

⁵
Exceeding laughter in a vertuous face,
Shewes like a Harlot in an honest place:
It beares the like apparance, forme, and hew,
As if a Bawde should sit in a Church Pew.

⁶
Disordinate Laughter bates the breath,
And violent Pleasures beget death :
And truely to define fond Laughter,
It is Follies eldest Daughter.

E.

Of Li

Witts new Dyall: or,

OF LIBERTIE.

I
DEERE *Libertie* is that free happines,
Which bringes the Soule to her contented Rest,
After the weary pilgrimage of flesh,
When the Diuine part struggles to be blest.

2
That's the true *Libertie*; the earthly one,
Though *Libertie*, tis Bondage still:
For what's the World, but a greater Prison,
And wee the Bondslaues to our will.

3
Hee is onely the true Free-man,
Whose Prentiship is out with sinne:
That serues no loofenes, no desire:
To set vp shop let him beginne.

4
Mee thinkes tis better weare a broad
Hempen Garter, beeing no Debter,
Then in a common loathsome layle
Mocke thy lancke Calfe with golden Fetter.

5
Libertie in the Minde is Bountie,
In the Tongue meere Folly:
It breedes excesse of sencelesse wordes,
As bondage, Melancholy.

6
Tis better miserably to die,
Beeing in perfect *Libertie*,
Then to liue a prodigall Slaue,
And make a Prison hole thy Graue.

Of Me-

OF MEMORIE.

I

THe Heartes owne priuie Key,
I will call good *Memorie*:
It keepes all close, and opens all,
That Securitie cannot slip or fall,

2

Tis Mother to the Muses,
Turns thoughts to their best vices:
Tis Wisedomes light,
And the Blades fight.

3

The *Memorie* of man,
Is like a curious Net,
The small thinges it lets slip,
But greater thinges doth get.

4

The Minde's a smooth fayre Table,
On which doth *Memorie* write
The occurrents of mans dealinges,
With streakes of blacke or white.

5

Blest *Memorie* tempers all States,
It is the Soules white wonder:
It delightes Age with long-past Fates,
Keepes riotous Youth much vnder.

6

Memorie is an Angell,
And *Memorie* is a Deuill:
The Register of happines,
And Chronicle of Euill,

E2.

Of Peace

Vitts new Dyall: or,

OF PEACE.

I

PPeace is the Kingdomes Quiet,
Tis Tumults onely Graue:
It buries all Seditions,
And leades Warre like a slaue.

2

Ease, Quietnes, Securitie,
These are her Handmaydes three:
Their Ornaments made of the Spring,
Lac't all with Vnitie.

3

Peace endeth Warre,
Honor's the ioy of Peace:
And the onely scarre
On Concords brest, is Ease.

4

Peace begets Plentie, Plentie Sloth;
Sloth Drunkennes and Ryot:
And those two Vices beget Oth:
Thus Wrath springs out of Quiet.

5

From Concord all thinges flow,
By Concord all thinges grow:
Yet Lust is Concords lazie Ingle,
And all thinges waste, when those two mingle.

6

How all thinges vnder Sunne
Doe in their Circles runne!
Then with these wordes I aptly cease,
Peace begets Warre, Warre begets Peace.

Of War.

OF WARRE.

¹
WARRE is a dreadfull Monster, and is borne,
With two strange heads: that head which frights a citty
Is Ciuill: Citties yet by it are torne:
The wandring head is ghastly too: scornes pittie,

²
That Ciuill feind of *Warre*, Serpent-like creepes
Into a Kingdomes hart, and suckes the bloud:
That rough out-landish Diuell, when ere he sleepe,
Kills most: turnes Seas into a crimson Floud.

³
Warre thats made euen, standes
Vpon two Pillers: It has two faire handes,
To hold it vp first, then to fight:
The one *Religion*, to'thers *Kingly-right*.

⁴
With Snayle-like slownes, *Warre* we should begin,
But when the Sword is drawne (that Death steps in)
Let Vengeance then fly vpon Swallow-winges,
For lingring Battayles shake the Thrones of Kinges.

⁵
Warre is Gods Whip, wherewith he beates
Vnruly Nations; *Warres* are but his threates:
But when his three Rods walke, Kingdomes take heede,
Hee drawes blood then, then is hee vext in deede.

⁶
The Children *Warre* begets, haue bloody lookes,
And these are they; Rapes, Murders, Violence:
Their handes are barres of Iron, their fingers hookes,
They Strike downe Law, and tread downe Innocence.

Witts new Dyall: or,

7
Loose not the blood of men to win that hold,
At which an Assc may enter trapt in Gold:
Because a Souldiers glory shines as bright,
In politticke conquest, as in bloody fight.

OF CRVELTIE.

1
THE *Cruell* man is curst from heauen,
And on his brow doth beare
A marke, because where Mercie dwells,
No *Crueltie* comes there.

2
Where Lawes are broken, there the good
Feele wrong, vnles the bad loose blood,
For to spare all, is: *Crueltie* alike,
As to spare none: Kings must both hold and strike.

3
To pardon many for th' offence of one,
Tis godly pittie, rare Compassion:
But for ones fall, numbers to spill,
That part's a tirant's, Butchers so doe kill.

4
Sorrow is lifes sworne enemy,
Hee that keepes Sorrow cumpanie,
Offers his owne heart *Crueltie*,
And kills his owne selfe certainlie.

5
It's safer for a *Cruell* Prince to floore
His land with Gold, and leaue his Pallace poore,
Than t'haue his Courtiers onely shine,
Whilst all his other Subiectes pine.

The

A Schollers Prize.

6

The man can nere be bad, whose brest
Weares Pitties goodly Jewell:
The woman nere be chaste, whose eyes
Take glory to be *Cruell*.

7

I neare saw *Cruell* Souldier yet, but fell,
Much in Heavens danger: bloody hearts are like
Recoyling Swordes which at stone walls do strike,
And kill the wounder: *Cruelle* raignes in Hell.

OF FREINDSHIP.

1

TRue *Freindship* is a golden Chayne, that tyes
Two Soules in one; the Linckes that fasten it,
Are Likenes both of body, minde, and yeares,
And so conioynd, it neuer can vnknit.

2

Freindes (after weary absence) meeting,
Are like the sad Earth and the young Spring greeting:
The Sunne the Spring, the Spring the Earth does cheere:
So parted Loue, is (when it meetes) most deere.

3

The Loue, which man vnto a woman beares,
Fades as shee fades; dyes as shee growes in yeares:
But Loue of men to men (like gold) shines bright,
When tis most old: such Loue is infinite.

4

To bee his *Freind*, whose board is crownd with Plate,
Whose bags with Gold, whose voyce does sway a State,
Is but a paynted *Frend*: onely hee's good,
That manfully gainst Fortunes stormes hath stood.

Try

Witts new Dyall: or,

⁵
Try a sworne *Friend*, as workemen try their Gold,
Esteeme him pretious, if the I est hee hold:
But if he alter culler (feeling heate)
Let rust vpon his borrowed brightnes eate.

⁶
The Glow-woorme shines in darknes like to Fire,
But to a frozen hand no heate she lendes:
So some men their protesting Freindes admire,
But when stormes fall, they shrinke, their friendship endes.

⁷
Friendes (as Musicians vse to tune their stringes)
Must not be broke in peeces if they iarre,
But gently handled; for the Concord springes
From Discord, Discord yet doth Musicke marre.

OF CVRTEZIE.

¹
THE Soule hath Vertues drawne like lynes vnto it,
Amongst which number *Curtizie* is one:
When Rage growes strong, this vertue does vndoe it,
What wrongs so ere are done, she writes downe none.

²
As Trees by Fruites are knowne,
As Gold by th'touch is tryed,
As Bells by sound: so noble brestes,
Cannot this Iewell hide.

³
That Field is nobly won,
That's without blood: and Hee
Conquers foes brauely, that can tame
Their heartes by *Curtizie*.

Curtizie

A Schollers Prize.

4
Curtezie like a filken Cloude,
Hides faultes, and couers dangers:
It makes old Freindes to stand more firme,
It drawes new loue from Strangers.

5
As Lute-strings by a wodden pin,
Are straiend and stretcht so hie,
Till they sound sweetly; so the heart,
Is tunde by *Curtezie*.

6
When *Curtezie* and Mildnes meete,
(Beeing badges of a Soule that's white)
They make a harmonie most sweete;
The guyltie man findes mercy, Innocence right.

7
As tis the nature of the Sunnes bright beames,
To throw his golden fyres through all the world:
So from a King Compassion should be hurld,
To light on all, and spread in seuerall streames.

OF NOBILITIE.

1
Nobilitie's a glittering honor,
Which commeth from an Antient line:
It is Posterities rich Banner,
It makes men euen in earth Deuine.

2
Nobilitie must be mayntaind
By that it first did rize:
With Warr, the Acts of Fortitude,
And valiant Enterprize.

F.

Nobilitie

Witts new Dyall: or,

³
Nobilitie should be liberall,
And curteous to the good:
Endewed with Vertuous qualities,
And of the rarer blood.

⁴
To come of *Noble* Parentage,
And beare no *Noble* story,
Is rather Defamation,
Then Dignitie or Glory.

⁵
The truest of *Nobilitie*,
Consists not of Possessions,
Of Landes, Reuenewes, Coyne, or Cloths:
But of the best Professions,

⁶
How euer men rise in degree,
Let them be lowly minded:
For their Humilitie may rayse them,
Although their haps be blinded.

OF POLICIE.

¹
P*olicie* is a sure stead
To Valour, in the Warres;
It bringeth Battayles to good end,
That else would cause more iarres.

²
Where Kingdomes are well gouerned,
There followeth good successe:
But *Policie* not regarded,
There's all vnhappinesse.

The

A Schollers Prize.

³
The meanest Sparrow hath his Neb,
The Lions whelpe his Claw :
The weakest Thorne his prickle hath,
The poorest man his Law.

⁴
Policie is the heart of State,
The life of every Realme :
Tis Peaces Roabe of excellence,
And the wise Souldiers Helme.

⁵
Hee that Conquers much, does much;
But hee that keepes, does more :
For *Policie* is such a power,
Whom Foes do ee'n adore,

⁶
That Countey may aboue all other,
Be counted happy, rich, and blest,
Where euery one enioyes his labour,
And by no Ruinous meanes opprest.

OF COVRAGE.

¹
C*ovrage* is a fiery Humour,
Kindling the Ambitious minde
With forwardnes in bould attempts:
Which scornes to place it selfe behinde.

²
Covrage begun with Constancie,
Doth selde or neuer fayle,
To atchiue attempts most manfully,
If Weapons do not quayle.

F 2.

Covrage

Witts new Dyall: or,

3

Courage will rather choose to die,
Then live in Captives thrall:
And from his enemy will not flye,
Nor yeeld no whit at all.

4

Courage is a coate of Armes,
Cowardize badge of Fooles:
Courage scapes all hurtfull harmes,
When Cowardize sneakes in Schooles.

5

Courage is the first blossome
Springing from a Noble spirit:
Resolution is her guider,
Winning all by Valorous merit.

6

Men of hauty blood and name,
Rather seeke long-lasting fame,
Then in foolish base-borne strife,
To preserve short-lasting life,

OF FAME.

1

F*AME* is but an Eccho,
An lde fashionde Rumour,
Which runneth far from eare to eare,
Bred of fantasticke humour.

2

Fame is freind vnto the good,
And enemy to the bad:
For shee doth brute their actes abroad,
Wherein their fames are clad.

Time

A Schollers Prize.

³
Time is ~~Fame~~ most enemy,
Who doth procure her death,
And weareth out her memorie,
And stops her spreading breath.

⁴
A slander's sometimes sent abroad,
It beeing falsely rayfed:
But after time doth trueth afford,
The parti's thereby prayfed.

⁵
~~Fame~~ that's got by honesty,
Is much to be esteemde:
But that which comes by infamie,
Is not to be redeemde.

⁶
~~Fame~~ ryfes like a Bubble,
It brings both ioy and trouble:
The readiest path to a good name,
Is a good life, thence springes no shame.

OFFICE, or DVETIE.

¹
Office (or *Duetie*) rightly to define,
Is first a knowledge of mans selfe: and then,
A Contemplation of the power diuine:
Next, loue to helpe our selues and other men.

²
To know our selues, is to know God: dispute
No further then: Vertue her selfe doeth ayme.
To hit that marke: for hee that's destitute,
Of that selfe-knowledge, giues his soule a mayme.

F 3.

Office

VVitts new Dyall: or,

3
Office growes strong by Zeale, Zeale fortifies .
Opinion and our holy thoughtes so well,
That tho the World and Hell, in Armes do rise,
Opinion yet, is found inuincible.

4
If good and worthy *Officers* you'le chuse,
Let them be be old in yeeeres, and graue in lookes:
Cunning in Lawes; but not in Lawes abuse,
Because their actions are the peoples Bookes,

5
Let none beare sway, that buyes that Sway with Gold,
They for Authority that dearely pay,
Retayling it, must haue it dearer sold:
Thus Monyed fooles carry the World away.

6
They which sell *Offices*, sell euen the Lawes,
Sell Iustice, Subiectes, and the Common wealth:
Euery such buyer, Curses on him drawes:
Euery such Seller's gaynes is worse than stealth.

7
The Drum, the Trumpet, and the Canons roaring,
The cries of old and yong-men drown'd in blood:
The Widdowes wayling, and the Wiues deploring,
Should neare be heard, were *Officers* but good.

OF LABOR.

1
LABOR is the Mindes food, the Bodyes strengthner,
Of Youth the lyfe-blood, and of Age the lengthner:
Of Art, the Mistress, ouer Loue the Maister:
Vertues increaser, and of Vice the wasler.

Labors

A Schollers Prize.

2

Labor's a burden, yet as men do sing,
In digging Mynes (because they hope for treasure)
So tis at last no toyle, but rest doth bring :
For *Labor* turnes by practize, to a pleasure.

3

Asmongst the Elements, th'ambitious Fire
Does highest clyme : so *Labor* does aspire
Aboue the reach of thought : it begets wonder,
Makes Vallies Hilles, and Mountaines to lie vnder.

4

As the Suns brightnes makes the night appeare
More vgly then it would; the lazy spirit
So gloomy lookes, when th'actiue minde shines cleare :
One deserues strokes, tother a crowne does merit.

5

God is a Workeman, and to shew that man,
Must not liue idle, God him selfe began
To play the *Laborer* first : it followes then,
That they who truely *Labor*, are Gods men.

6

The sharpest prickles guard the sweetest Rose,
And the best gaynes, on the best *Labour* growes:
For standing Pooles are thicke like troubled dreames,
When running waters flow with shearefull streames.

7

No Art of fame is wrought, but *Labor's* by :
No Conquerors Wreath, no Kingdomes Crowne is got,
No Land is gouernd, but by Industry :
The World it selfe were not, were *Labor* not.

Of Str-

OF SERVICE.

I

HEe that can truly *Serue*,
Hee knowes Obedience truly:
But others heele neare gouerne well,
That is himselfe unruly.

2

To *Serue*, is to be bond;
Not seruing, wee go free:
But bondage, to a man that's wise,
Tasts sweete as libertie.

3

The fruite that *Service* yeeldes,
Is loue; humilitie:
Besides such duetie as thou pay'st,
Wilbe payd backe to thee.

4

Fowre Jewels should each *Servant* weare,
The first is Willingnes to beare:
The second Truth: third Carefull feare:
The last is Scilence: all these fowre are deare.

5

Hee that will *Serue* must learne to carry
A single tongue, but doubly tyde:
At the first string hanges Secrecy,
At second Scilence, least thy wordes run wyde.

6

Obedience is Deuotions badge,
The Seale of Contemplation:
Hee that obeyes, and rules himselfe,
Does more than rule a Nation.

A Schollers Prize.

7

The duetie *Servants* pay
Their Masters, is due debt;
Which being denyde, they wrap their Soules
In a more dangerous net.

OF LIBERALITY.

1

Hee's *Liberall* that doth succour, not that spendes,
To spare sometimes is *Liberalitie*:
But hee that giues to all men (foes and freinds)
That Bountie, turnes to Prodigalitie.

2

Hee that may giue and will not, has a hand
Made all of Lead: who (wanting) would bestow,
His hand is Siluer: hee, whose Purse doth stand
Full, and yet free, a golden hand doth owe,

3

When to bestow, where to bestow,
And vpon whom, rightly to know,
And what to giue: where all these goe,
True Bountie in that man doth flow.

4

Bountie is borne with spread and open handes,
Free heart, pure tongue: Shee makes her gold-heaps euen,
By equall parting them: In earth shee standes
On Beggers feete, yet do her Armes touch heauen,

5

Gold is but Earth, Siluer is but the Seede
The Sunne begets vpon a barren grownd:
Pence are but Siluer drops, yet how these breede?
To giue this base Earth, wee in heauen are crownd,

G.

This

6

This as a Law in Bounties Court should stand,
Hee that receiues, should alwayes hold his hand
Aloft; of thanks to put himselfe in minde:
But hee that giues, should presently seeme blinde.

7

Nor Gold, nor Siluer, though they're tempting hoes
Doe load our backes, so currant ought to goe,
Nor held so precions as the minde that giues:
Small Streames are Oceans, where they freely flow.

OF IUSTICE.

1

Iustice is an equall Gift
To each, of Law and Right:
Without a Priuiledge or shift,
Or overcome by might.

2

Iustice is fayre Vertues badge,
The staffe of Loue and Peace:
Which yeeldes to euery one his due,
As all thinges do encrease.

3

It is in the Common weale,
As Physicke to the sicke,
Which of corruption doth them heale,
And touch them to the quicke.

4

Iustice doth condemne that Iudge,
That free's a guiltie treason:
And who to any beares a grudge,
To vex him without reason.

Hatred

A Schollers Prize.

⁵
Hatred, Care, and Couetousnes,
Canker Iudges Consciencs,
Makes a true cause be forgotten,
And a Iudges Conscience rotten.

⁶
Iustice is a perfect Knowledge
Of good from that is ill :
Dittributing to each rewards,
And so adiudgeth still.

OF LAWES.

¹
L*Awes* are like the Spiders webs,
Which catch those Flyes are smallest,
And let the great breake through the weaue,
Small theeues are hangd, to saue the tallest.

²
The effect of *Law* begins his course,
Especiall in this case,
To render euery one his due,
And right in euery place.

³
Where Custome for a *Law* is held,
Beeing good, it may endure ;
But beeing bad, tho ne're so old,
An Error twill be sure.

⁴
The heart and soule of Common weales,
Are good *Laws* and Orders:
These two beeing truely plac'd and set,
Are a Realmes costly Borders.

VVitts new Dyall: or,

⁵
The more are Tauernes, the more are Drinkers;
The more Phisitians, more diseases:
The more account *Iustice* is of,
The more suites it appeazes.

⁶
The *Law* was made but for this vse,
To bridle those that worke abuse:
And recke no Awe,
Of God nor *Lawe*.

OF OATH.

¹
A Common Swearers *Oath*,
Is not to be regarded:
For he will surely breake his *Truth*,
Of whom God is not spared.

²
Hee that takes an *Oath*,
Pawnech his Soule thereon:
And hee that breakes his *Fayth*,
Begets Damnation.

³
Oathes do not credite men,
But men their *Oaths*:
Those are vnhappy then,
That wound their *Truths*.

⁴
From *Oaths* and Periurie,
Issues forth Treason:
That most pernicious plague
Of Realmes and Reason.

The

A Schollers Prize.

⁵
The *Oaths* of wicked men
Are writ in Water,
For though they deeply swim,
No fruite comes after.

⁶
Fayth giues honour to an *Oath*,
But *Oath* once broke, dishonours *Troth*:
Oaths in fury spoken,
Are with calme teares broken.

OF RICHES.

¹
Riches are faire Fortunes goods,
Good, if they be well vsed,
The Giftes of Heauen powde vpon Earth;
But Hell's, if once abused.

²
The *Rich* are alwayes vexed
With studie to get more;
And greedily are troubled
With care, to loole their store.

³
In this life our greatest *Riches*,
Is Reason and our soule,
Whereby we embrace Righteousnes,
And sintull veynes controule.

⁴
Hee with Content is alwayes *Rich*,
That neede not beg nor borrow:
But the Couetous are not such,
For they liue still in sorrow.

G 3.

Riches

Witts new Dyall: or,

⁵
Riches rightly vied,
Breed delight and pleasure:
But otherwise abused,
They are the damned treasure,

⁶
For Coyne to want a Maister,
It were an vnheard wonder:
But Maisters to want Money,
They're seldome found asunder.

OF POVERTIE.

¹
Pouertie's a tribulation,
And want of needfull thinges:
Which belongs most to our estates,
And most of Miseries brings.

²
The Poore much better liue in health,
Then commonly the Rich,
And in more safety, wanting wealth,
Then those of higher pitch,

³
Povertie's pleasant to the Wise,
They take it in good part:
Riches are troublesome to Fooles,
Breeding their future smart.

⁴
The humble thoughts that smoake from a poore Cottage,
Are oft as sweete a Sacrifice to heauen,
As the perfumes in Courtes of Kinges,
Without true zeale, and reuerend Duetie giuen.

Hee

A Schollers Prize.

⁵
Hee that dyes and leaues his Sonne
Poore and Wife, leaues him enough:
But hee that leaues a Foole and Rich,
Leaues a foule dying snuffe.

⁶
Poore men are like to litle Shrubs,
That by their lownes scape each blast,
When Cedars tall are shaken,
And bore downe whole at last.

OF MEANE.

¹
M*eanes* the best part of any Action,
Contayning full effect
Of Prudence touching gouernment,
And the Soules best respect.

²
The *Meane* state with equalitye,
Are alwayes counted best:
The safest superioritie,
Is life in quiet rest.

³
As Fire is neuer without heate,
So extreames haue their crosses:
But to the *Meane* it is not great,
That they can loose by losses.

⁴
As Stormes wyther Flowers,
So Pride withers Bowers,
Shouders downe Towers,
Makes ruinous howers.

Mountaines

Witts new Dyall: or,

⁵
Mountaines hauing too much heate
Of the piercing Sunne, are burned:
Vallies are barren, with too litle;
But Fieldes that euen are, are adorned.

⁶
The *Meane* Roofe of a Swayne,
Doth stand more happily,
Then the Pallace of a Prince,
All hung with Flatterie.

OF COVETOUSNES.

¹
THE Chariot of foule *Couetousnes*,
Is mounted on foure wheeles of Sinnes;
Hate, Cowardize, Forgetfulness of death,
Contempt of God: which all beginnes.

²
Drawne by two Horses of the Deuill,
Greddie-to-catch, and Hold-fast named:
The Coach-man drying it, Desires
With Vices all enflamed.

³
Couetousnes is recompencst
Most commonly with a sonne,
That spendeth all his fathers Coyne,
And in few howers out runne.

⁴
The *Couetons* are like Rats and Mice,
That liue in Mines of Gold;
But not the richer for their Vice,
But onely to behold.

Gold

A Schollers Prize.

5
Gold is compard vnto a Fyer,
Whereof a litle's good;
But being too much, it doth require,
Great helpe to quench the Wood.

6
Cometousnes is a rancke Vice,
Withholding from another,
That which of right he ought to haue,
Although he be his brother.

OF DECEYTE.

I
Deceyte is cause of foule Ambition,
It's enemy to Right:
And seekes by al meanes to ore'throw
A meeke and simple spright.

3
Deceytes are traps set by the Wittie,
To catch the Simple in:
As when a lye hath shew of trueth,
Which he sets for his Iin.

4
The lightest heades, and sharpest wits,
Are aptest to deceaue;
Which by their slye and subtill shifts,
Their cunning Cobwebs weaue.

5
Craft is most commonly repayde
With *Subtiltie* and Deceite,
For the Cunningst many times,
Are caught with their owne bayte,

H.

This

Witts new Dyall: or,

⁵
The Serpent hidden in the Grasse,
Doth often sting the foote:
So vnder shewes of honestie,
Deceitfull men will doote.

⁶
The speeches of *Deceitfull* men,
Are like to painted Pots,
That carry faire inscriptions,
When within poyson knots.

OF SLOTH.

¹
S*loth* is the Sincke which still receiueth
The Channels of foule Vice:
And with that poysonous rotten ayre,
Infecteth sound Aduice.

²
Studie doth eternize Soules,
By faire perpetuall Fame:
Whereas the *Slothfull* ignorant spirit,
Is dull, corrupt, and lame.

³
Sloth is an Euill,
Kin to the Deuill:
Of all head sins,
This Hell most wins.

⁴
The Bees loath Drones,
Art lazie Bones:
The Idle Spirit,
Gapes for no Merit.

Take

A Schollers Prize.

⁵
Take away Idlenes,
Cupid hath no might :
His Bow lyes broken,
His Torch hath no light,

²
Prosperitie ingendreth *Sloth*,
And *Sloth* ingendreth Hell:
For that's the onely mansion,
Where *Slothfull* soules do dwell.

OF TREASON.

¹
T*Reason* is that damnaed vice,
Hated of God and man :
Wherewith all periurde persons
Betray what soules they can,

²
Traytors are those mealy Mothes,
Which eate the Clothes where they are bred,
Vipers that gnaw the Bowels out,
Wherein they layde their head.

³
These foure a *Traytor* make,
A light Head, and ambitious Minde,
Conscience corrupt, and ill Aduice :
Who finde these, *Traytors* quickly finde.

⁴
Traytors about Thrones of Princes,
Are like Wolues 'bout foldes of Sheepe :
For in that Court the State and Peeres,
From *Treason* scarce can safely sleepe.

Ha,

There

Witts new Dyall: or,

5

There is a note
Set downe by Fate,
Some *Treason* loue,
But Traytors hate.

6

O soule *Treason*,
Foe to Reason;
The Court Canker,
And Hels Anker.

OF BANISHMENT.

1

B*anishment* is loyes Diuorce,
When by Violence and force
Wee from our Delightes are put,
And our pleasures bard and shut.

2

For sinne, was man to the earth thrust,
And became vnhappy dust:
But from the earth to heauen sent,
That may be cald sweete *Banishment*.

3

Banishment is Heauens curse,
Miseries guyde, and Sorrowes nurse:
To all that are
Fed by Dispayre.

4

The Water's nea're without some bubble,
Nor *Banished* men without some trouble:
Beautie and Youth once *Banished*,
Are ne're repeald, they're alwayes dead.

There

A Schollers Prize.

5

There is truly *Banishment*,
Where vertuous deedes are neuer lent :
The greatest *Banishment* to sad men,
Is to liue mongst Fooles and Mad-men.

OF RAGE.

1

RAGE is a minutes madnes ; tis a flame
Kindled with no fire, yet (than fire) worse burning:
Kills Frendship, poysons Sence, strikes Reason lame:
Tis borne in Mischeife, and it dyes in mourning.

2

Rage is by Time appeald,
If Reason beare the stroake :
If not, like Powder it burstes foorth,
And wildely flies like smoake.

3

That which in *Rage* is rashly done,
before it comes to end,
Begets dishonorable shame,
Though Honour it intend.

4

The staggering Drunkard, whose hot brayne
Doth boyle in Wines, is not so bad,
Nor halfe so like a beast, (beast tho he bee)
As hee that runnes (through Anger) mad.

5

When Fooles and *Anger* meete together,
They'le make a dangerous weapon of a fether:
But when a Wiseman is with Wrath ore-gon,
Like Lightning, now tis fire, and now tis none.

El 3.

When

VVitts new Dyall: or,

6

When Power and Anger meetes,
Tis like a Gyants Arme,
Giuen to a mad-man; thunders stroake,
Cannot do halfe such harme.

7

Greene Wood is heating long, but set on fire,
It is more long in quenching than the dry:
So hee that seldome is inflamde with Ire,
Burnes, when the howerly Anger soone does dye.

OF FEARE.

1

Fear has two Winges, a Blacke one, and a White;
The White flyes high, and shuns Dishonour more
Than death or greife: the Blacke wing hangs downe-right
And by base Cowardes are his Fethers wore.

2

Hee that *Feares* God is strong,
Who *Feares* him not is weake:
Armd with that *Feare* we may attempt,
Through troupes of Horse to breake.

3

Hee that will *Feare* God truly,
Hee must not *Feare* him fearefully:
But he must *Feare* him duely,
And he must loue him faythfully.

4

Feare, to a tyrants Conscience is a whip,
It diues him forward, yet it makes him stay:
For he that seekes not to be loude, but feard,
Is euen a slaue to those that him obay.

The

A Schollers Prize.

5
The Maister that his Seruant *Fears*,
A heauier yoke of bondage beares,
Than does his Seruant; but his eye,
Neuer tastes sleepe, that *Fears* to dye.

6
Fears standes at both the portals of our cares,
And puts backe all perswasions to our good:
Hee's therefore wretched that growes old with *Fears*,
When through his veynes run streames of youthfull blood.

OF HATE, or ENVIE.

1
Ennie's a begger, yet shee shootes at Kinges,
Shee's borne in Hell, yet still shee stares on Heauen.
Shee spits out gall, and speakes with Adder-stings,
Shee's out of square most, when she sees all euen,

2
Deepe danger lyes in smoothest lookes,
Baytes poysond hang at Siluer hookes:
Treasons are writ in gilded bookes,
And *Hate* goes hid in smyling lookes,

3
Ennie is still at Honors backe,
Yet *Ennie* still seekes Honors wracke:
Shee's Vertues fellow, Pouerties slaue,
Yet is shee digging Vertues graue.

4
The *Ennions* man feedes on the daintiest meates,
For his owne blood he drinkes, his owne heart eates:
Yet surfets neuer, nor is sicke, vnlesse,
Hee spies another swim in happinesse,

Ennie

VVitts new Dyall: or,

5
Ennie does burie men aliue,
And puls the dead from graues:
Whose bones she gnawes; if bones shee misse,
Their Tombes shee then deprauces.

6
Ennie of Pride is eldest daughter,
Shee's Murders mother, Treasons nurse:
Shee's Gloryes canker, Goodnes slaughter,
Hells cheife blessing, Heauens cheife curse.

7
Of Vices, Pride goes neatest,
Yet Pride (of Vice) is greatest:
Of Vices, Wrath is boldest:
Of Vices, *Ennie's* oldest.

OF OFFENCE.

1
Offence is wrong by speech or act,
Whereby our life or credit's crackt;
Done to disfigure the bright face
Of Vertues which our actions grace.

2
A vertuous minde takes more offence
At a freindes Spightfull word,
Than if his bosome should receaue
Woundes from an enemies sword.

3
The perfect way to liue at ease
And die in good report,
Is euery man by Loue to please,
And amongst the good resort.

A Schollers Prize.

⁴
Ill tongues do blast a good mans name,
That, soone abroad is blowne :
Yet Wisemen will not trust the same,
Till the true ground be knowne,

⁵
All false reportes are wilfull lyes :
But he that when a *Fault* is done,
Denyes the same, commits it twice,
And does in double error runne.

⁶
Mans body like an Instrument is strung
With severall stringes; and each string playes his part :
If any one string iarre, it is the Tongue;
For that being stretcht too hie, does drowne the Heart.

⁷
To make our eyes, our handes, and Feete,
Subiect to Law, were much vnmeet :
Those members serue to profitable vses,
Onely the Tongue's a villaine, loues abuses.

OF SLANDER.

¹
ON *Ennys* tree, *Slander* (as fruite) does grow,
And the same venemous luice, that *Ennue* spreads,
Slander drawes vp, and then shee lets it flow,
Till through mens eares the poysond rancknes sheads,

²
Detraction, Hate, and Mallice,
Are Waighting-maydes to *Slander*:
And to performe her damned lawes,
To Princes Courtes they wander.

I.

Flatterie

A Schollers Prize.

3
Flattery and Lyes are *Slanders* Slaues,
And with swift diligence
Run heere and there, yet in the end,
Find slauiſh recompence.

4
As Ratts and Mice do gnaw mens food,
So *Slander* waights to sucke their blood:
Yet till they kill vs, *Slanderers* wee nurse,
And tread on Vipers; those are ten times worſe.

5
They that the lyuing dare not wound,
Will bite the dead, not spare their bones:
And when to feede their ſpight none's found,
Like Dogs they ſnarle and catch at ſtones.

6
Three ſorts of Murder are there,
Killing by Sword, by Hate, by *Slander*:
The laſt is bloodieſt, that (at once) kills three,
Himſelfe, his hearer, and his enimie.

7
Who loues the tongues of *Slanderers*,
Deſerues himſelfe to loſe his eares:
But hee whoſe tongue throwes lyes about,
Deſerues to haue his tongue puld out.

OF FLATTERIE.

I
A *Flatterer* ſuch attire doth make him,
And puts on ſuch a cunning ſhape,
That from a freind it's hard to take him:
For *Flattery* is but freindſhips Ape.

Like

Witts new Dyall: or,

2

Like Sommer Swallowes *Flatterers* creepe,
Close to your Eaues, whilst heat they find:
But when within leane Want doth sleepe,
They're fled, leaue onely Durt behind.

3

But where Sunne shines, no Vermine breeds,
But where there's Pray no Vulture feedes:
But where there's Fleih, no Flyes will swarme,
No Parasite lurkes there, but where tis warme,

4

To haue Rauens eat one, tis no greife,
Tis no such death to meete a Theefe;
Theeues take but Coyne, Rauens but for dead flesh strue,
But *Flatterers* eat whole men, yea and aliue.

5

Flattery like a golden Pill,
Snwes a smooth face, but a rough heart;
As trencher-Flyes, their bellies fill,
And then they fly: the *Flatterer* playes that part.

6

The changeable *Camelion* turnes
Into all cullours but to white:
So on all Flowers saue honestie,
The *Flatterer* can light.

7

Fire (as the Rust doth Iron) doth eate,
And destroyes that which giues it meate:
So Riches, on which *Flatterers* feedes,
Are swallowed by the worne it breeds.

Witts new Dyall: or,

OF BRAVERIE.

I

B*rauerie* is the Seede of *Pride*: the Glasse
That sets out Fooles: It is a Scale that waighes
The Wise-man with a light-braind golden Ass:
It is the Harlot bayte, the Vnthrifts blaze.

2

By *Brauerie* many that are rich,
Like ebbing tydes, are quickly poore:
Hee that to day coytes Gold away,
To morrow begges from doore to doore.

3

As Weedes are not the holsomer
For the faire Flowre they beare,
No more must Guls be helde for Wise,
Because *Gay Clothes* they weare.

4

Who spendes his Coyne in *Brauerie*,
And gets that Coyne by knauerie,
Makes his short life a flauerie:
And quickly dyes in beggerie.

5

Three things cost deerely, yet are quickly spent:
A Woman faire, and yet incontinent:
A Garment rich, with cuts fantastickall:
And lastly Wealth, which to a Foole does fall.

6

Who wastes his Siluer, to maintayne the Fashion,
And weares in euery lym a feuerall Nation:
Reades these three Lessons in the Wood-cockes Schoole,
Hee's his owne foe, Mercers freind, Taylers Foole.

Woe

A Schollers Prize.

7
Woe to that *Beauie* thats put off,
And sleepest not with the face :
And shame attende that *Brauerie*,
That does the backe disgrace.

OF BOASTING.

1
B*oasting* is parasite to *Pride*,
And braggart-like does set her foorth,
And like a Mountibancke does ride,
Hung all with toyes, yet nothing worth.

2
Great barkers are no byters,
Great frowners are no fighters:
Hot wooers are cold speeders,
Sharpe *Boasters* are slow breeders.

3
Good Wits with blushing are put by,
Yet blushing is the signe of Grace :
When hee steps forward, and climes hie,
That can thrust foorth the brazen face.

4
Hee that does bragge of his Nobilitie,
Yet basenes loues and inciuitie,
Does him selfe grace to say hee's nobly borne,
But wronges his Ancestors, makes them a icorne,

5
Let no man *Boast* of Wealth, of Landes, of Honour,
Of Birth, of Beauty, or of Princes fauour ;
Theie die like Cowardes : onely Vertues banner,
Stayes last in feilde : her flower keepes still the laur.

Witts new Dyall: or,

6

Beasting is euen the scum of Thought,
The Valiant do abhor it;
Mongst Souldiers tis the Cowardes badge,
And none but Fooles care for it.

7

Great threatnings and great brags are like big windes,
They biuster like the thunder; but are quiet
Sooner then lightning, dyes: the baser mindes
Feede on vainglorious smoake, it is their dyet.

OF SCOFFING.

1

Scoffes are Witts Arrowes, and are onely shot:
At rouers: tis the scum of quicke Inuention;
Tis artificiall Wrong: tis Iudgements blot,
Tis Conceit too much salted, fooles Contention.

2

To *Scoffe*, and set out Fooling rarely,
Makes the face of Witt looke fairely:
And for his paynes the Cap may crowne him,
But the Scarlet neuer gowne him.

3

Scoffers and Adders differ thus,
Both equally are venomous;
Saue thole that are by Adders stung,
Doe curse the Tayle; in *Scoffers*, curse the Tong.

4

Wolues hunt not Wolues; nor dare one Iester
(But to farr off as London is from Chester)
Meete in the feilde his equall if they doe
Ware heades, one winnes the Coxcombe, if not two.

A Schollers Prize.

5
Its better to be borne a Foole,
Then to consume seuen yeeres in Schole,
Like Learnings prentice, to get Witt,
And (gott) not well to husband it.

6
Sharpe Bridles tame vnruely Asses,
Short Legs can trip downe light-heeld Lasses:
And the graue check of Wilemen cooles,
The blazing impudence of *Scoffing* fooles,

7
To whip Vice freely without ostentation,
Shewes reading Witt and obseruation:
But they that dresse vp lests, for great mens tables,
Are mercenary fooles; giue them the bables,

OF INFAMIE.

1
BLacke *Infamie* is the liuerie of Vice,
It is a dye in grayne; a Scale grauen twice:
A stinking Snuffe, a Spot, that being halfe gon,
Children againe with fingers clap it on.

2
A galling Spur is *Infamie*,
Making men gallop to their Granes:
In life, it makes them basely stoope,
And after death, it makes them Slaues,

3
O how vnblest, or wicked is that man!
(Me thinkes his eyes should eu'n disdayne to sleepe)
Whose death (tho bloody) makes no chekes looke wan:
And to behold him liue, euen Beggers weepe.

They

VVitts new Dyall: or,

4
They that do clyme by priuate Sinne,
Must fall by open shame:
The poore mans Scarre a Hat can hide,
Not Hills the great mans Mayme,

5
It stickes a blemish on a Kingdomes brow,
To thrust him to base drudgery, that's fit
To rule: when hee that's good but for a Plow,
Or driue a Cart, in Iustice chaire does Sit.

6
Hee that hath once borne Sayle,
In tempest of Soule Shame,
May after make a sport to see,
The Shipwracke of his name.

7
How wretched is the man whose face is seard
With *Infamie*: good men do not belecue him;
Bad, not obey him: hee's of no man feard
If great in power: If wanting, none releiue him.

OF INGRATITVDE.

I
[*Ingratitude* has one hand, no eyes nor tongue:
Tis a dull Instrument, with Gold-wire strung,
That neuer soundes: a Lake that downe does drinke
Whole Christall streames, and casts them vp like Incke,

2
Alwayes to craue, is shamefull,
Neuer to giue is blamefull,
To take, yet be *Ingratefull*,
Oh tis a vice most hatefull!

Better

A Schollers Prize.

3
Better to haue no witt at all,
Then haue so much, to vnderstand
What tis to take a gift with one,
And hide it with the to'ther hand.

4
Hee sowes his Corne on tops of Towers,
Hce spendes his Wealth in Caues,
That on a man vnthankfull powers
Good turnes : *Ingratefull* mouthes are Graues.

5
An howre (Times lackey) soone is spent,
Minutes haue shorter liues,
Good turnes the shortest : they're soone old,
A Benefite wor'th thrives.

6
They that receiue, yet pay not backe
What's due to him that giues,
Resemble water-vessels borde,
That holde no more then Siues.

7
The hand that is held out to take,
Should presently a quittance make,
Or Memorandum; that when tis full growne,
The gift may yeeld more fruite then seed was sowne.

OF DANCING.

I
THE Heauens do tread quicke measures, to the Spheares,
The Planets *Dance*, obseruing time and numbers;
Trees trip before the Winde: thus *Dancing* weares
His badge from Heauen : yet Pleasures die like Slumbers.

K,

Dancing.

VVitts new Dyall: or,

2

Dancing and *Time* are twinnes, at one howre borne,
Time is the eldest, being of perfect motion
The perfect Measure: *Dancing* doth *Time* adorne,
And shee to moue in Measure hath the notion,

3

Dancing may well be cald the Child
Of Musicke, and of Loue:
For as the feete keepe motion, so
The wanton Blood doth moue.

4

The Graces *Dance* an endles round,
With hand in hand, and looking backe,
To shew proportion should be found,
Eene in our pleasures, which proportion lacke.

5

When Dolphins *Dance*, and Mermaydes sing,
The Seaman feares a storme or death:
So Harlots do most danger bring,
In sugred words, and sweetest breath.

6

The *Dancer* and the Madman were at strife,
Wherein they differd, and this made them freindes;
The Madman is a Madman all his life;
The tother's madd too, till his *Dancing* endes.

7

They whose blood itch for *Dancing*, show
More braynes vpon their heeles doth grow,
Then in their heades: In *Dancing* Schooles,
With reason, Wisemen play the Fooles,

Of Vice

A Schollers Prize.

OF VICE.

I
VICE is Sinnes Page, mishap'te and blinde,
It is the Sicknes of the minde:
It's lame, yet valiant; for it hath bin knowne,
By one *Vice* many Vertues were or'ethrowne.

2
Craft weares the hood of Pollicie,
Rashnes the sword of Vallour:
Falshood the maske of Honestie,
Lewdnes the face of Pleasure.

3
Though *Vice* some times like Vertue goes,
And is for Vertue taken:
Yet when her Vizard is puld off,
Shee's hated and forsaken.

4
Where *Vice* doth sway the Mighty,
Inferiors there plot Villany:
Where Elders are past Grauity,
There Young men are past Honesty.

5
Straight Trees haue crooked rootes, faire faces spots:
Straight men haue minds awry, smoothest wood knots,
Yet some times the complexion that's most soule,
Has beautifull condition's in the soule.

6
Pride now is cleanlines: the prodigall
Is now the liberall; nice Superstition
Goes for Relligion: Rashnes true Vallour call,
Thus *Vice* weares Vertues clothes; O vile Tradition!
K 2, Wayward

7
Wayward i'th Cradle, Childhood full of lying :
Youth proude, inconstant, ryotous, Lustes slaue :
Age gapes for Gold, euen when it is a dying :
Thus from our birth, *Vice* haunts vs to our Graue.

OF PRIDE.

1
P*r*ide's the Kings Euill, Beggers Leprozy:
Ambitions Ladder, Spawne of Herezy :
Tis the Diuels Blocke, at which he stumbling, fell
From the high battlements of Heauen to Hell,

2
When *Pride* has euen of Starres made her a Crowne,
And that she brags her golden threed is spun :
Iust in this heighth of State tumbles she downe,
Her web of glory in her Shame is don.

3
Pride followes Courtiers, shee's the Ladyes Page:
In Youth *Pride* holdes their Glasse, paints them in Age:
When shee flyes high, this Curse sits on her Winges,
Proude men are ne're good Councelors to Kinges.

4
Men that haue States but handfulls hie,
Yet thoughts that all are Starry,
Liue discontent, and desperate die :
Thus *Pride* her shape doth vary.

5
Enuie and Blood lead to the throne of *Pride*,
Enui's the high'st step, there shee leaps vp first:
Where if her foote slip, and shee falls beside,
Shee clymes by Murder; yet that Stayre's the worst.

Strange

A Schollers Prize.

6

Strange is *Prides* dyet, for shee feedes on Gold,
Her standing Cups are Sculs, with hot Blood swimming,
And those she quaffs: shee by mens heades takes hold
To rise, and has her owne shaven off: strang trimming!

7

Great Fires in little roomes, are like *Proude* Blood
In Beggars bosoms: for in stead of heating,
There's burning: and so dangerous is that Flood,
Swelling so hie, there's drowning stead of wetting.

OF PRODIGALITY, or, RIOT.

1

R*IoT* is Pleasures soole, to make him merry,
It dyes a Begger, and is borne a wonder:
It digs vp Pence, and bags of Gold does bury:
Swels big a while, but falls againe like thunder.

2

No Tirant shewes such crueltie,
As Youth in Prodigalitie:
For Tirants spare them-selues; but they,
By *Riot*, make them-selues away.

3

At these fixe Signes the *Prodigall* dwell,
They nothing buy, but all thinges sell:
They nothing get, yet still are spending:
They borrow not, yet still are lending.

4

Who giues his Purse away, is *Prodigall*:
Who saues two, and giues one, is Liberall:
But hee that neither Purse nor Penny giues,
A Niggards hand he beares; It's Sin he liues.

K 3.

Hce

Witts new Dyal: or,

⁵
He that does loue to fare wel, yet does not loue to spare wel
Whose backe loues gay apparelling, whose tongue is euer
Sets vp cookes shops, & taylors stalls, yet lies (quarelling,
Vnder the last of these before he dies,

⁶
Loose Eyes, loose Wines, loose Purfes,
Lay vpon man three Curses:
Loose Eyes breede lust, loose Purfes make men scornd;
But by a Wife that's loose, the head is hornd.

⁷
Tauerns, Company, Whores, and Pleasures,
Are foure beastes, that eat vp treasures:
And when these foure are coacht together,
Stop where they will, the *Prodigall* rides thyther.

OF THE WORLD.

¹
THis *World's* Gods Church-yard; tis the Mart wherein
Man doth sell man: It is the Caue of sinne
It is a Ship tost vpon troubled waues,
A Gally, wherein *Kinges* themselues are slaues.

²
This *World* is an Exchange, on which do meete,
Mixtures of Nations, where they treat vpon
The holy League of Gold: of *Vsuries* fleete:
And when the Burse-bell rings, then are they gon.

³
This *World* is but a Minutes pleasure,
It lastes but as an *Vnthrifts* treasure:
It payes backe treble what we borrow,
For howers of Ioy, are yeeres of Sorrow,

This

A Schollers Prize.

⁴
This *World* is like a *laile*, where men are chaynd,
With cares calamities; from whence is gaynd
No freedome, till they pay the fees, their breath,
So that to liue heere, is a lining death.

⁵
This *Worlds* pleasures are like bubbles
In the water, rayled by troubles :
And as suddenly they're made,
So more suddenly they fade.

⁶
To loue this *World* too deerely,
Is to loue Sinne too meerely :
So that vnles the *World* be hated,
Wee loue not him, that it created.

⁷
Who into the *Worlds* false handes
Would put his life ; when hee that standes
To day in fauour, doth to morrow fall
From heighth of blisse, to endles thrall.

OF OVR COVNTREY.

¹
O *Ur Countrey* is ths Cradle generall,
Our Childrens Grandam ; Mother of vs all :
Shee is the Nurse that feedes vs : to fight for her
Our duetie is, tis treason to abhor her.

²
Man is not borne to serue him selfe,
For his owne sake he dwels not heere :
But for his *Countrey*, Parents, Freindes,
His Kinred, and his Children deere,

To

VVitts new Dyall: or,

3
To some their *Countrey* is their shame,
To haue their *Countrey* knowne:
Shames to their *Countrey* or hers are,
By vile deedes of their owne.

4
There is no *Land* so narrow, none so poore;
No *Countrey* has such base-birth layde vpon her,
But it can shew some Feildes, or lesse or more,
Where euery Noble minde may catch bright honor.

5
How happy is that Kingdomes state,
Where (as a Tirant) Men the Law do feare:
Yet to do wrongs (by Lawes protection) hate,
But loues, of children to their *Countrey* beare.

6
As there's no Musicke without Harmony,
Nor perfect loue where there's no Sympathy:
So can no *Land* bring foorth Ciuilitie,
Vnles it flourish in tranquility.

7
The loue we beare our *Countrey*, is not piety;
The loue we beare our Parents, is not charity:
Tis duty both: the Law from God was giuen,
Hee that hurtes either then, offends gainst Heauen.

OF PHISICKE.

1
Phisicke is Gods Ape, and does strive
To make vp men: the dead aliue:
It is no meate to liue by; yet most good
when no meate els is sauory to the blood.

The

A Schollers Prize.

2

The Sickman doth not seeke to haue
An eloquent *Physition*, nor a graue,
But Skilfull: Doctōrs that ne're hold their peace,
Infect the Patient with a new Disease.

3

The sound should not the Sick-man scorne,
Wee're Sicke so soone as wee be borne,
And need much *Physicke*: happy then,
Physitions are, being Gods mongst men.

4

Hee that hath full Golden Coffers,
And the pangs of Sicknes suffers:
Yet will rather starue and die,
Then buy sweete health, sicke let him lie.

5

When the Disease hath desperately run
And kild a man, that gaspes for life, not health;
Then to cry out for the *Physition*,
Is to intreat him to consume our wealth.

6

Physitions of all men, haue happiest fortunes,
If they do well, the Sunne it selfe importunes,
Loude Fame to spread it: yll if they commit,
The very Earth giues Graues to bury it.

7

They that haue Wealth, yet thinke it doth not thrille,
Till *Physicke* deale with it: are like those Groomes,
That from a Cittie to the Burgers drine,
And (like good foolcs) plant Strangers in their roomes.

L.

Of Payne

Witts new Dyall: or,

OF PAYNE.

I

PAINE is Deaths taster, tis the Sawce of Pleasure,
The test of Patience; tis the Surgeons treasure;
The Sicke-mans bedfellow, the Sound-mans slaue,
The Dogg that bites Age, till it take the Graue.

2

When Aduersities high tyde
Drowne all our Hopes, and Fortunes banckes do hyde,
Then Loue is at low ebb, and none
But true Freinds tarry, till the storme be gone.

3

Though Death be grim, yet when hee's face to face,
True Courage feares him not: but when to die
Wee're sure, yet know not how, that leaues vs bace,
No miserie is like to vnknowne miserie.

4

Life and Wretchednes are twinnes,
When one is borne, the tothers breath begins;
They lie together in one bed,
Together liue, and are together dead.

5

The *Payne* of death is Sinne: the *Payne*
Of a Conscience cruelly slayne,
Is likewise Sinne: the *Payne* of Hell
Is to be damnd, that's euer durable.

6

The torment of the Eye is Lust,
The torment of the Tongue, ill Wordes;
Both with Repentance reckon must,
Els doe they fall on double Swordes.

Though

A Schollers Prize.

⁷
Though Sorrow tast like Gall, Sicknes like Death,
And Death like Hell ; yet nothing relisheth
So sowre, but if with Heauen wee meete,
All's Candyed o're, and turnes to sugred sweete.

OF TEARES.

¹
EYes are the Stillatory house of *Teares*,
Teares, Greifes Balme-water : weeping gently weares
The Marble in vs : tis the Mildew stayning
Our cheekes ; if't be for sinne, tis holly rayning.

²
The Sorrow that's hie-borne, beares such a sway,
Wee must not beat it backe, but giue it way,
For tis a furious beast, and sooner dyes
By delayed slights, then by extremities.

³
Minutes are turnd to howres, and howres to dayes,
When they're at Sorrowes spending,
Though woe be hard, tis quickly orde,
But not so quickly ending.

⁴
Teares in Strumpets eyes are like
Drops which through the Sun-beames strike;
They haue more cunning to beguile,
Then weeping of the Crocodile.

⁵
To mourne sometimes heales mourning,
For Greife like great Fyres burning,
Kept downe, shew feirer flaming :
Sorrow can brooke no taming.

L 2.

Eyes

6

Eyes in three waters stand in feare of drowning:
First, old mens *Tears*, when Ioy their hearts fits crowning.
Next, that which flowes after the wretched fashion,
Third, Womens drops, shed from dissimulation.

7

Sea-Iuy when it waxeth old,
The roote of it takes deepest hold;
And when Calamitie lookes gray,
Impossible to wash't away.

OF DAY.

1

Dayes are Gods Minutes: tis a yeares long hower.
Day is the Queene of Eyes; Sights paramoure.
It is Heauens Glasse: tis the Sunnes siluer Diall,
By which himselfe workes, and of time makes triall.

2

Day is Ambitious, for the morrow morning,
Takes this dayes honor from him, and adorning;
Then doth a next strip him: at last there comes
The blacke *Day*, that takes reckoning of all sommes.

3

Hee that to *Day* puts off the mending
Of his ragde Soule, and still is spending
All howers in Vice, which he can borrow,
Let him catch Tymes locke, for tis gon to morrow.

4

Of all Arithmeticke, the numbers
Of our *Dayes*, vs most incumbers:
Wee tell our Sheepe, our Kine, our Gold;
But thinking ne're to die, *Dayes* are vtold.

The

A Schollers Prize.

⁵
The Sunne is the *Dayes* golden Eye,
The Eye of heauen's our Soule:
If that be cleere, then like the Sunne,
Wee see each thing thats foule.

⁶
In *Egypt* doth the *Day* begin,
Then when the Sunne about his taske bath bin,
In *Persia*, when the Sunne doth rise:
And thus as one is borne, another dyes,

⁷
Hee whose thoughts are suncke to hell,
Loues with vgly night to dwell:
But hee whose eyes from Vice are cleere,
loyes when hee sees the light appeere,

OF NIGHT.

¹
Night is the Laborers Pillow, tis the Bed
Of liuing death: It is Sinnes ciuill Pander,
Suited in blacke: when Darknes winges are spred,
Treasons, Lust, Murders, doth with still *Night* wander.

²
How slow the horses of the *Night* doe ride,
For whom th'oppressed waite? for *Night* (to those)
Makes promise of some rest; yet when shee's spide,
They wish her gon, then she as slowly goes.

³
What a good Iudge is *Night*, how full of pittie;
For though her selfe be dumbe, O yet she heares
The Prisoners Story, and the Louers Dittie!
And their afflictions she in time out-weares,

VVitts new Dyall: or,

4
Feare and Suspicion are *Nights* Seruing-men,
They waight vpon her, and walk round the streete,
Till Sinne and shee, in Darknes caue do meete,
Where Light at last peepes in, they vanish then.

5
Looke not bigg, nor swell with scorning,
For the breath thou draw'st this morning,
May ere *Night*, from thee be tourning,
And thou left cold, past laughing, and past mourning.

6
Darke *Nights* and deadly Resolutions,
Are nimble Cookes that do prepare
Godles and bloody Resolutions,
For *Nights* the traitors Armors are,

7
Though thine eyes neuer should behold the Sunne,
Though the Moones rusty Chariot should o'errunne
The World with *Night*, do not thou darknes feare,
So long as in thee thou hast Vertues cleare.

OF MUSICKE.

1
M*usicke* is Angels language; tis a Jewell,
Stolne from the Spheares; tis the cares Parafyet
Tis Loues food, tis dull Melancholies fewell:
Tis dead to it selfe, yet doth all els delight.

2
Art thou greiu'd, and would'st be merry?
Lay thy head on *Musickes* knee,
In thine eare shee'll tell a Story,
That beeing heard, shall comfort thee.

What

A Schollers Prize.

3
What disproportion is it, and how vile,
To heare a man sing well,
Yet to liue ill : Alacke the while,
Tis like a foule cracke in a Siluer Bell.

4
Councell vpon a Foole bestowed,
Is lost, as is the sound
Of *Musicke* in a deafe mans eare:
Giftes handled ill, are dround.

5
When thundring strokes being rudely giuen,
Sweete harmonie doe render, |
A scoulding Wife, shall pleasing bee,
If not, the Diuell must mend her.

6
Trumpets and Drummes *Musitions* are,
Vnto the Dancing-schools of Warre:
The Lute's the Louers consort : then,
Call Eloquence the Simphony of men.

7
When Kinges and Subiects liue in quiet,
When Loue prepares the Cittie diet,
When Housholds sleepe with empty eares,
Oh what Melody earth then heares !

OF LIFE.

I
LIFE is no more breath, then a little pin
Can with a pricke let soorth ; it is a bubble :
It is a play that sadly doth begin,
Continues tragicall, concludes in trouble.

Life

VVitts new Dyall: or,

2

Life is a pilgrimage, that every step,
Treads on a Coffin, and doth meete
Sicknes, Greife, Want: by whom tis forc'de to leap
First into Bed, then to a Winding-sheete.

3

It's better not to *Line*, then not to know
How to *Line* well: to *Line* well, is a white
Most hard to hit: to die ill, is not so,
That's easie: many hit that marke by night.

4

If a good man desire to *Line*,
Tis that he would be still doing well:
If a bad man, the world would giue
For *Life*; hee feares not Death, but Hell.

5

Life is like Lightning, but a flash, tis gone;
The longest age, is but a blast: yet see;
Hee whom yeares loade, prayes yet hee may liue one:
To *Line* (not to *Line* well) wee carefull bee.

6

Hee that *Lives* ill, and so doth fall,
Vnwoorthy is of Buriall:
But Tombes of Brasse, should reare their Fame,
That dying, left no dying name.

7

Breath that mainteynes *Life*, endes it:
Life workes for Breath, yet spendes it:
Death borrowes *Life*, yet lendes none:
Death crackes all *Life*, but mendes none.

Of Death

OF DEATH.

¹
DEATH is Gods Haruester : Corruptions Cater :
Of all tongues into one, hee's the translater :
Cures all Diseases; helps the poore to landes;
Fights, trauels; yet hath neither fecte nor handes.

²
Sicknes, greife, want, old age, are armd, and sweare,
To ore-run Life; *Death* leades this rabble : his Drommes
Are made of Sculls : but how, or when, or where,
Heele pitch his feild, none knowes ; tis sure he comes.

³
For faire, for foule, young, old, prophane, and holly,
Beggars or Kinges, to fly from *Death*, tis folly :
Who flyes him, doth fly after him : and hee flyes
Those that follow him : tis long ere *Miserie* dyes.

⁴
Death and Sleepe haue both one mother,
Sleepe makes *Death* a younger brother :
So like they are, you scarce know him, from him,
Saue of the two, *Death* somewhat is more grim.

⁵
Heauen hath giuen man a World : giues Wealth.
Heauen giues him Beautie, Wisedome, Health.
Heauen (aboue all these Iewels) giues him Breath :
But the best thing, that Heauen giues man, is *Death*.

⁶
Hee that dyes in ill condition,
Drawes a good life in suspition :
But hee that takes his fare-well rightly,
Puts men in hope, hee liude before not slightly.

M,

When

7

When Officers are sent vpon *Deaths* errand,
And warne you fore him, flye not for thei're warrant,
Vnles your *Conscience* make this proclamation,
That after *Death*, you haue deseru'de damnation.

OF MAN.

1

MAN is Gods Maister-peice, the stampe of Heauen,
(Currant to passe with Angels) hee's that King
To whom the whole World for a Court is giuen:
Hee hath all, yet alas! himselfe is nothing.

2

The birth of *Man* was full of wonder,
Mans fall more dreadfull was then thunder:
His Spilling none but Diuels desire it,
His Sauing, Angels e'ne admire it.

3

Man is the freshest Flowre, the goodliest Tree:
Man is the Sifted earth, the puritie
Of life elixirated; hee's all beautie,
All strength, all blisse; and yet all miserie.

4

Man keepes the World in feare, beastes wild and grim,
Fawne at his feete: Hee curbes in Seas, drownes Landes:
Spurnes Cities downe, buildes Kingdomes with his hands,
Hee conquers all, yet litle greife beates him,

5

Two Horses draw the wagon of the Soule,
(Our body) cald Opinion and Desire:
Opinion being well reynd, doth Vice controule,
But when the tother's backt, we are wilde as fire.

A Schollers Prize.

6

To that first stufte of which each creature's made,
It must returne, *Man* being but clods of earth
(Layde well together) into earth must fade,
The Soule will vp to Heauen, there was her birth.

7

Measure a *Man* from head to foote,
His Armes straight out, giue iust that measure :
Whence draw a Circuler line about,
Hee's a round tower, where the heart lyes (lifes treasure.)

OF WOMAN.

1

A *Woman* is Gods Pencell, which hee takes
To draw a *Man* by; Shee's the mould of life :
Shee is an Angell; Shee's earthes heauen, shee makes
New worlds in Men; yet sets those worlds at strife.

2

Trust not still a *Womans* eyes,
Shee most dissembles when she cries :
Teares as redily she powres,
As Aprill doth when he raynes Flowers.

3

What goodly Angels *Women* weare,
It Golden Angels could not buy them?
Foolles ! their beauties were too deare,
But that too many come too nie them.

4

A face that's faire and in shew holly,
Yet when eyes wincke, doth looke at folly ;
O tis a worine that suttly frets;
Shee weaves most fine, but dangerous nets.

M 2.

None

Witts new Dyal: or,

5

None then a *Woman* more doth hunt for Honor,
Yet when high State is throwne vpon her,
None keepe it worse, for their desires are strong
To get good things, but not to hold them long.

6

Faire *Womens* eyes are lures for Fooles,
Their wordes are Bookes, too hard for Schooles:
Their kisses nets, a Wise-man spies them,
Yet the Wisest hardly flies them.

7

A *Woman* blacke, or browne, or wouen
Of homely stufte, which none will weare:
If she be chaste, shee's comelier farre,
Then she thats wanton, and sold deare.

OF MARIAGE.

1

Mariage is Gods Indenture which he drawes
Twixt Man and Woman: tis lifes Obligation;
It is Loues Piller: tis the Chayne of Lawes;
Tis the good will, the better delectation.

2

Wedlockes hell, is when the husband throwes
His frownes, his brawles, his curses, and his blowes,
On his Wiues head: yet spendes the amorous charmes
Of smiles and kisses in a Strumpets armes.

3

Women are such dangerous rockes,
And cast away so many,
That Young men yet should come neere none,
Nor old men go to any.

Husbands

A Schollers Prize.

⁴
Husbands two dayes of pleasure haue,
The first, is when the wife doth bride it:
The second, when she weds her Graue:
Thats the glad day, though men do strue to hide it.

⁵
Wee wish for *Marriage*, and for Age,
Accompting both a treasure:
But when they're ours, they make vs rage,
And yet repent at leasure.

⁶
Giue not thy Wife the Line, for if to day,
Thou lendst her leaue vpon thy foote to tread,
(Vnles thou hat'st thy life) thrust her away,
To morrow els sheele trample on thy head.

⁷
This Axiom oft hath past in Schoole,
Nor does the rule yet varry.
Tis safer with a quiet Foole,
Then wittie Scold to marry.

OF CHILDREN.

¹
Children are Mariage seedes, and when they're borne,
They're like new Waxen lights made to burne cleerly
After their Parentes liues to snuffes are worne:
Children are ware cheape sold, but bought most deerely.

²
The losse of Dignitie, the losse of Gold,
The losse of Freindes; or all these three to hold,
With ioy or sorrow, touch not to the blood,
As *Children* doe, let them be bad or good.

M 3.

Does

Witts new Dyal: or,

3

Does thy Sonne riot? Digs his youth thy Graue?
Beates he thy sydes? layes he thine eyes in Brine?
Steales he? sweares? kills he? Is he not Lustes slaue?
Thou neare didst whip these: then these faultes are thine.

4

Children that are alwayes sleeping,
neuer weeping, euer eating:
Children that are alwayes playing,
neuer praying, neuer beating:
Children that are alwayes lying,
and for crying, leaue the schooles:
Children that be such, turne Asses,
and their Parents turne to fooles.

5

If thy Sonne be let to run,
And ne're be brought to taming:
Heele prooue a Colt, thy selfe a dolt,
His wildnes is thy shaming.

6

When Snow lyes on thy Fathers head,
Thinke but what hee for thee hath done:
And (though thou wish the Graue his bed)
T will make thee prooue a thankfull Sonne.

7

Art rich? and are thy Parents poore?
Hast fed'em? cloathd'em? dryed their teares?
And set them safely on deathes shore?
Oh happy man! thou hast seene golden yeares.

OF YOUTH.

1

YOUTH is Loues heire; it is Lifes honor,
Tis Beauties mistris, yet shee waightes vpon her:

It

A Schollers Prize.

It is a flowre fresh blowne : tis the best clothing
That Kinges can weare ; tis any thing, tis nothing.

2

Weake honesty, Lacke; what an Army threatens thee!
Gold, Libertie, delicious Meates, Apparell,
All these strike at thee : but (of all) *Youth* beates thee,
When none dare touch thee, *Youth* maintaines the quarrel.

3

Good God ! how much a gray head and a greene
(Being both of one stuffe) differ in the moulding :
The greene head bowes to Beautie, Shee's his queene :
The gray, is euer Vertues face beholding.

4

None but Changeable Suites do fit
Inconstant *Youth* ; he loues light braynes, light wit,
Light looks, light eies, light loue, light hearts, light purses,
Yet at last all these lights, beare heauie curses.

5

Youth like the Pine-trees flower,
Growes and dyes in an hower :
For Cullour tis excelling,
But tis a Weede in sinelling.

6

Then *Youth* there's nothing fayrer,
Then Beautie nothing rarer:
Yet nothing's sooner staler,
Brittle Glasse is not frayler.

7

The father that buildes houses, and heapes treasure,
Sleepes not for telling bags; yet hath no leasure
To build his Sonnes minde well; Sets a great Frame
On rotten postes; one blast o'returnes the same.

Of Old

Witts new Dyall: or,

OF OLD AGE.

1

Old Age is the last Hill, that Life climes ouer,
And then it rests: It's Wisedomes roabe new-worne:
Tis Wormes meate halfe enough; tis the white couer
Of Youth and Beauties booke, whose leaues are torne.

2

Sicknes and Age, a paire of Crooches are,
On which Life walkes, and meetes that Officer
That arrestes all; into whose layle being got,
Kinges lye on executions, till they rot.

3

An Old-man euery morning should lay by
A Coffin and a Sheete: for Steele beeing wasted,
There's no more edge: at Sun-set day doth dye:
And when gray haire come first, Death next is tasted.

4

Study in Youth to liue well,
Præctize in Age to die well:
Hee that's so happy well to die,
Hee suffers Death most willingly.

5

Though Loue (when Age is come) hath spent his blazing,
The Cinders yet, being not fully dead,
At Beauties tree, an Old-man may be gazing,
By Youth it must be climbd, and gathered.

6

In a mans life there doth appeare
The fowre strange faces of the yeare;
Child-hood the Spring, Youth Sommer shewes,
Like Autumne Manhood, Age like Winter goes.

If

A Schollers Prize.

7

If Youth were wise, and Age were strong:
If without Women, wee could make Men,
This World (where Weedes haue growne too long)
Would turne to Paradise agen.

OF DRONKENNES.

1

Dronkennes is the Bawde to Lust; a Fire that kindles Rage,
It makes yong-men like old-men doat, & a stark foole of age
Tis beauties blaster, strengths decayer, memories vndoer:
Intices men to kisse her lippes, yet kill them coming to her.

2

Wine is a crafty Wrestler, and will cast
The big-house-guard of Kings; the sturdy Clowne,
And nimble-footed Taylor hee trips downe:
None stand against him if he once get fast.

3

A *Dronkard* is a Child, and scarce can speake,
Yet has he many tongues: what secret lyes,
Within the sober man, out all doth breake
To swim in bowles, els vp in fumes it flies.

4

Wine turnes a man into a beast,
It makes the Strong-man weake,
The wise a foole, the foolish madd:
Lawyer dumbe, dumbe to speake.

5

The Vine three Grapes doeth beare,
The first doth sweetly tast,
The second, somewhat sharpe; but Gall
And Poyson's in the last.

N.

More

6

More men are drown'd in Wine, then Water :
Wine makes of Men a greater slaughter
Then can the Sword : against the Sword by might
Life may be sau'de ; from Wine there is no flight,

7

Wine is the Earths heart-blood,
Who shed it then,
(And such are *Dronkards*,)
Those are bloody men.

OF DIVELS.

1

Diuels are the Lords of hel, Gods slaves, & mens deceiuers
Brokers of Sinne, of blisse enuious bereauers :
Fishers they are, and (so they fill their net,
That none breake forth) they care not whom they get.

2

The Fisher-man of Heauen doth angle
With a small Line, and few he takes :
Hels Fisher-man meetes them in shoales,
And still his wide Nets, wider makes.

3

The reason why there hangs more waight
Vpon the *Diuels* golden haire,
Than vpon Gods, is, the *Diuels* Hooke is smooth,
And the bayte sweete to tempt the lickerish tooth.

4

Satan hath seuerall Snares, for seuerall creatures,
The Vsurer is caught in nets of Gold,
Youth in the soft embracements of faire Features,
With Dignities he lymes th'ambitious old.

At

A Schollers Prize.

5
At that great Sessions, where all Soules shall stand,
Quit or condemn'd, the *Diuell* shall audience haue,
And giue in euidence, because his hand
Was readier to catch Soules, then ours to saue.

6
Great Markes are sooner hit, then lesser Whites;
Great Worldlings, are the Butts at which Hell aymes:
And vpon those the *Diuels* Arrow lights
Sooner, then on the Mecke: they are no Games,

7
The *Diuell* against vs brings three Accusations,
Which like three Clubs do beate vs downe: the first,
Are our euill Wordes: next, euill Imaginations:
And last, our euill Workes; the last is worst.

OF HELL.

1
HELL is Heauens Iaike, whither she sends blacke soules,
It is the land of Darknes, and of Feare:
Of Horror and Dispaire, (whose throat stil houles)
Angels of light keepe Heauen, light Angels there.

2
So full of glory and so full of blisse
Is Heauens Star-chamber: that more horror t'is
To looke at loyes and loose them, then to yell
With ghastly shrikes, in euerlasting Hell.

3
As in a Kingdome (where th^e infection
Of Warre, or bloody Insurrection,
Hath like a Plague rained long,) Rapes, Murder,
All's out of tune; so there's in Hell no order.

N 2.

What

Witts new Dyall: or,

4
What Misery is in *Hell*, torment hath end
Without end : death hath no death, payne breedes paynes
For end hath new beginnings : life doth lend
Death double life, woes there do spring againe.

5
Hell is a Maze, most hard to tread,
To enter easie, and without a thred;
But got in, tis a parlous doubt,
If ere there be a passage out.

6
Tis sure there is a *Hell*, yet where, none knowes:
Yet euery where it is, (holy Writ showes)
Where Heauen is not : though now it priuate been,
One day twill burst ope, be both felt and seene.

7
Hell is that blacke Field whither must be brought,
Armies of soules, with whom foule Sinne hath fought,
And conquerd : Death the victors Crowne will weare,
His Standerd is aduanc'd already there,

FINIS.



